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A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS.

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THIS JOURNAL BEING STAMPED, CIRCULATES, POSTAGE FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall-mall East, WILL OPEN, on MONDAY, the 26th inst. Open each day from nine till dusk.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

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ART-UNION OF LONDON.
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING for the reception of the Committee's Report, and for the DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, will be held at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's, on TUESDAY, the 29th inst., at one o'clock.
His ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE in the Chair.
(By Order) T. E. JONES,
Clerk to the Committee.

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Printed for Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower-street.

JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT POET.—

It is well known that this amiable man, and highly distinguished poet, has been for some years subject to such aberration of mind as rendered it necessary that he should be removed from his family, and placed in a situation where the best medical treatment and most judicious means of management could be engaged in contributing to his recovery. He has now been under the care of Dr. Allen, of Fairmead-house, Epping Forest, for nearly four years; and it is with much pleasure that all the friends of humanity and admirers of genius will hear, that in Dr. Allen's opinion Clare's recovery would soon be complete, if his anxiety for the welfare of his family could be relieved by the consciousness that he had an income more adequate to their support. A subscription was made towards this object in 1820, which amounted to £363 15s. It was placed in the funds, under the care of trustees, and the interest derived from it is paid half-yearly to the family; but the amount from this source, at 34 per cent., is only £13 15s. 6d. per annum. The Marquis of Exeter also very generously allows Clare £15 a year, and Earl Spencer has most kindly continued his late noble father's bounty of £20 annually. These sums amount altogether to nearly £30 a year. If £500 more could be obtained, or the income of the family could be raised to £60 a year, it is confidently expected that the happy event of Clare's restoration to health, and to the society of his beloved wife and children, would soon be accomplished.

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THE ART-UNION.



LONDON, APRIL 15, 1841.

COPYRIGHT IN DESIGN.

We have before us a pile of pamphlets, a heavy Parliamentary report, several heavier debates, a clever "Digest of Evidence," by Mr. Emerson Tennent, and files of Lancashire papers, filled with letters on the subject of Copyright in Designs; but nearly all of them discuss the value and expediency of copying, passing over that which is the most essential element in the controversy—the preliminary question of *right*. It has been long a fashion with superficial reasoners, to assert that property, in the abstract, is the creature of law; because certain species of property are undoubtedly of legal creation, and they repeat this mischievous absurdity with cuckoo pertinacity, mistaking identity of assertion for continuity of argument: expecting, "like the Heathen, to be heard for their much speaking." The utter nonsense of this opinion may be shown in a moment: "property" may be justly defined "the transference of a man's individuality to some inanimate or inanimate object by appropriation;" and to the common question, "when did property begin?"—the answer is "with the first breath which man drew in this world, when he made a portion of the air his own by inhaling it."

To say that society has created property, is not one whit less absurd than to assert that society has created man; the savage is, in this case, wiser than certain philosophers: ask his *right* to his fish, his fruit, his arrows, or his hut, and he will give you no wire-drawn distinctions about the propriety of encouraging industry by protecting its savings, but he will boldly answer, "the fish is mine, for I caught it; the fruit, for I plucked it; the house, for I built it;" he proves his title by that most conclusive argument, so frequently employed by logicians—the exclusion of all the contraries—"To whom should this belong, if not to me?" The articles wear the imprint of his labour, and are assimilated with himself. No man has ever existed, nor, indeed, is it possible to conceive his existence, without some property; the lowest inhabitant of the Aleutian Islands, the most degraded savage in South Australia, calls his fish-hook, his canoe, or his game, *his own*, and resents every attempt to deprive him of them as a gross outrage.

If the absurdity of calling "property the creature of law," and confounding two things so obviously distinct as creation and protection, had been limited to Owen and his followers, we should no more have attempted to refute such a folly than we should have laboured to demonstrate the existence of the sun to a blind sceptic; but the Owenites have some respectable companions in their delusion, and its exposure is therefore a matter of painful necessity. The process of effecting that individualization of objects, or that relation between men and things, which is called property, may be effected either by production—making a boat, building a hut; by appropriation—gathering fruits, taking fish; or by occupancy, that is, declaring a right of property in something fixed, such as land, and being able to maintain it. The third is the only form of property which can, in any way, be deemed a legal creation; and even that, when closely examined, will be found not to have derived its origin from law, but simply the definition of its tenure.

We are surprised at the undefined state of property in those early stages of society, when piracy was considered an honourable employment, fit to be the profession of nobles, and the theme of eulogy for poets; but we must not forget that we have in our own day rights of property still unrecognized, which are to the full as sacred as those

acknowledged for centuries. There was no copyright in early times, because there were no arts of printing and engraving to make books, paintings, and designs yield profit; and for this exquisite reason, there are many at the present day who believe that copyright is an invented thing, held as a grant bestowed by the mere grace and pleasure of society; nay, more, as the title of one of the Manchester pamphlets aptly expresses it, "The Policy of Piracy as a Branch of National Industry, and a Source of Commercial Wealth," has been expounded and enforced before a Committee of the House of Commons; with Statistical, Geographical, and Moral Illustrations, by persons invested with magisterial dignity, and engaged in the administration of justice.

Now, the right of property in any invention or production is far clearer and more easily deduced from absolute principle than any other. It is the title of actual production and pre-occupancy. The claimant of copyright does not ask the legislature for a title; he has that already from the Being who endowed him with talents and industry; he only asks to be *secured* in his right; he demands that society should fulfil the ends for which it exists, and give protection to the property created, independent of it. A law of copyright is not so much, "a law for the encouragement of literature and art," as "a law for doing justice to literature and art;" society has a right to prescribe the conditions on which it will give protection; but these conditions, to be equitable, must be regulated and proportioned by the nature and amount of the protection.

This simple reasoning is sometimes met by a miserable quibble; it is said that protection gives the value to the property, and therefore may in effect be said to create it. We may cheerfully grant that any species of property deprived of legal protection will be worth very little; if fisheries were placed beyond the pale of the law, we should soon see the rights of fishery without a price in the market; if game should be declared common property, few would incur the expense of a pheasantry. But this wretched objection defeats its own end; for it includes within itself a confession that there exists a species of property, which would have a price and value if it received the same protection extended to other forms of property, but which is deprived of its fair worth, and therefore of its fair right, by the refusal of protection.

Copyright, however, is further resisted because it creates what some people are pleased to call a *monopoly*. The whole force of this objection consists simply in the fact that monopoly is a word of four syllables, to which abuses utterly unconnected with copyright, and as unlike to it as possible, have given an odious and unpopular signification. Cervantes tells a story of a madman who, having been punished for beating a spaniel, ever afterwards mistook all dogs for spaniels; and so, because giving men an exclusive use and enjoyment of that which was not their own by any natural right, has been branded as a monopoly; securing to men the use and enjoyment of that which is their own, the result of their own ingenuity and industry, must also bear the odious name. Had "monopoly" been a shorter word, and in more common use, this "sophism of name" could never have been perpetrated. We wish that the clever authors of the Manchester pamphlets, in their next edition of "Argument Made Easy," would give us a chapter "On Measuring the Value of an Objection by the number of its Syllables."

"Monopoly," in its proper sense, is "an unjust usurpation of a public right by privileged individuals;" but where is the public right in the author's book, the painter's picture, the inventor's mechanism, or the artist's design? Are the copyists prepared to maintain that invention itself is a usurpation, an invasion of the rights of stupidity? Authors and artists complain of a private wrong; they are answered by being accused of a desire to usurp a public right; assuredly, then, we have a right to enquire what the asserted public right is, and how it came into existence? We can discover no source for it but that which has been revived by the modern school of piratical economy; namely, the will and pleasure of pirates, who insist that inventions should be common property, that they may appropriate it by plunder.

The claims of literary productions and mechanical inventions to some degree of protection have

been recognized, although very reluctantly and imperfectly; but there are species of artistic property, to which all protection is ostentatiously refused. A pirate may copy and multiply the copies of a picture, without the artist's permission; he may engrave from the copy which he surreptitiously procures, and anticipate the artist in the market. This is in principle the same as permitting a robber to carry off the ears of corn, provided he leaves the stalk; to drink the wine, provided he spares the cask. It is in fact—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The only safety which the artist possesses now, is derived from the natural difficulties that impede the pirate; but if an extension of the Daguerreotype should facilitate the copying of pictures—and such an invention is not beyond the range of probability—painters, like designers of patterns, would soon find art a losing pursuit, and our School of Painting would follow the fate of our School of Design; that is to say, it would become the worst in Europe.

It has been said that authors and artists derive their ideas from materials accumulated during past ages; that they do not *create*, but *combine*, and therefore that they have no particular right to their ideas. Now, setting aside the very obvious fact that a new combination is, in fact, a new invention, let us test the principle by applying it to other forms of property. Is the right of the agriculturist to the produce of his farm, weakened by the fact of his having learned the best modes of tillage from past and present experience? The objection might be entitled to some weight as an argument against *perpetual copyright*; but, as this has never been claimed, the reasoning, such as it is, has no bearing on the question really in issue.

We are told that this copyright is a new claim; and so it is, for the very obvious reason that the property to be protected is a new thing. Until there were facilities for multiplying copies of books, prints, and patterns, the originals had no moneyed value as subjects of copy; they do now possess such value, and have therefore become property, not by any act of the legislature, but by the ordinary progress of society. Those who, in this instance, declaim about innovation, would seem to reason as if property could not demand protection, unless its claim had been made before it came into existence. This is like requiring a child to lay claim to an estate, before itself was born, or the estate acquired. Those who use such an argument would do well to learn some portion of philosophy from Mrs. Glasse's receipt for dressing hare-soup, "first catch your hare;" men must have the property before they feel the want of the protection.

That which has created the chief value of the property, has also produced the most urgent necessity for its protection, namely, the facility of multiplying copies. Lockett's Eccentrics—the most wondrous machinery that exists in this age of mechanical wonders—will copy the most elaborate design with a rapidity which must be seen to be believed. These machines combine the eccentric check with Colas's process for engraving in relief, and they achieve the most complicated pattern. The electrographic processes of Spencer, Palmer, and Jacobi, have recently furnished additional facilities to the copyist; that is to say, they have increased the value of the design, and at the same time rendered the tenure of its property more insecure. Assuredly moralists would deprecate the progress of improvement, if its only results were temptations to piracy and helps to robbery.

But we are told that these designs are so trashy and insignificant, that they are not worth protection. It is, however, a clear case, that they are worth being pirated, and in ordinary matters we should be tempted to conclude that what is worth stealing is worth keeping. Granting, what indeed is undeniable, the inferiority of English designs, it is as clear as daylight that this is owing to the absence of protection. Patterns are careless and hasty productions, for the same reason that the coats of England and France were left uncultivated in the times of the Northmen; people will not expend labour, time, and money, for the benefit of pirates. In France, designs are protected, and in France designs are superior; it is easy to

a work time will consecrate, and assign to it a brilliant page in the history of the school of France. In the 'Last Judgment,' by M. Gué, the mortals recalled to life are numerous as the sands on the sea shore. We have 'Christ at Calvary,' by M. Steuben; and among a multitude of works we may remark the new interest to a hacknied subject given by M. Auguste Leloir, by the purity of his style and the noble simplicity of the action in his 'Homer singing his Poems.' M. Biard, it is well-known has brought from Lapland views of such truth and terrible power that their icy aspect chills the heart. He also gives us the glorious death of the Commander of the Cougdic, mortally wounded in an engagement with an English frigate: he has been carried on deck and is surrounded by his crew.

M. Joyat makes some beautiful women, with copper complexion and in luxurious attitudes of repose, singing "by the rivers of Babylon." M. Louchon gives "The Annual Migration with their Flocks of the Shepherds of Camargue to the High Alps." We must pass over many pictures worthy of mention, and come to the easel pictures and domestic subjects, and the thousand fancies that drop from the roving pencil of the artist. M. Baron has made a graceful and charmingly coloured picture, having for subject "Ribera as a Child." The subject is less interesting than a work of M. Jaquand, engraved by M. Allain, also from the life of Ribera; it is when passing along the streets of Rome, Cardinal Ximenes sees a boy with some pieces of bread lying beside him, in rags, earnestly engaged in drawing some objects before him. He stops his carriage, enquires, and finds the youth is called Josef de Ribera; that, destined by his parents for a learned career, he was unable to resist his love of painting, and left all to paint in the studio of Francesco Ribatti. There he acquired much, but his desire was to study at Rome; thither he travelled on foot, and arrived as we have described. The cardinal, took him into his family, and there was formed the great genius of Josef de Ribera. We say great genius, for he must not be measured by the specimens usually seen of his pencil, so called in England; they are much oftener by a far inferior hand, "Il Calabrese."

M. Tony Johannot has placed, reclining on soft couches, some Italian-looking women, who, in silence and reverie, seem enjoying a siesta. M. Diaz has given us an enchanting landscape, with a female figure reclining, and Love escaping among the trees. Again, he is with the Arabs in a burning desert. The 'Convalescent Pupil of the Polytechnic School,' by M. Destouches, with his pale face, and the anxious girl who supports his wounded arm, is an interesting and pleasing picture. 'The Stolen Child,' a spirited picture of gipsy life, by M. Grenier. M. Geniole gives 'Fragments of Moorish Architecture in Grenada,' a 'Scene of an Inundation,' and 'The Refectory of the Trappists.' M. Steuben passes from biblical tradition to 'Napoleon in his Cabinet,' 'Esmeralda in her Little Room, with her Pretty Goat,' to 'The Noble Judith on her Way to the Camp of Holofernes.' M. Louis Leroy immortalizes the nation of rats with his usual felicity, translating one of the prettiest fables of La Fontaine.

In landscape, the gallery is comparatively more rich than in any other department, and we regret we can only name a few of the charming scenes before us. We pass M. Remond's immense canvass with 'Mount Carmel,' and 'Elias Exciting the People to Destroy the Worshipers of Baal,' a picture requiring much consideration, and turn to the pleasing fruits of M. Alligny's studies in Italy, all admirable; but his shepherds—are they more real than those of Theocritus or Florian? M. C. Brune has explored the depths of the Tyrol and the shores of the Seine. M. Calane has studied nature on the mountains of Switzerland; her pines and her oaks, and the effects of morning and evening light. M. Cabat gives two charming landscapes, executed in his old manner, 'A Farm,' and 'The Interior of a Forest.' The landscape by M. Francis is a work of vigour, and imagination; but, of an ancient garden, it has nothing but the fanciful title. M. P. Gourlier gives 'Cimabue and Giotto,' and the 'Isle of Capri,' studies full of feeling and pleasing ideas.

We are compelled to leave undescribed many works of merit in this department, especially Neapolitan scenes, of which our artists are never tired; and a yet warmer, sun-pourtrayed by M. Marhiat, gilding the Greek ruins around Beyrout.

Of marine subjects, we have almost a gallery by the single pencil of M. Gudin: battles, bombardments, &c. &c.; and his name is so justly celebrated, that we require only to say, that, as usual, his sea pieces are full of beauty. M. Francia gives the 'Striking of the Velocity on the Jetty at Calais, when the King was on Board.' M. Morel Fatio repeats the same subject; and also the 'Landing of the Ashes of Napoleon at Cherbourg.' M. W. Wyde and M. Lepoittevin carry us to 'The Bay of Naples,' and hardly can we realize, from his brilliant works, that the last named artist has been threatened with blindness.

In portrait, the exhibition is less rich than in landscape. To us, it still appears M. Hippolyte Flandrin bears the prize of excellence from all rivals. His 'Portrait of Madame —,' minus the sympathy, a young and beautiful woman always exites, is not inferior to his justly celebrated portrait of Madame Oudiné. His brother, M. Auguste Flandrin, worthily follows in his steps. M. Amary Duval has lost nothing of his talent, but he will not easily find a face of such interest, nor a model in so pure a mould, as the young girl whose portrait had such success in the exhibition of 1839. Amongst a crowd of portraits, we may notice the happy and vigorous 'Portrait of the Poet M. Arsene Houssaye,' by M. Jules Varner. M. Essarts, another of our Romance Writers, by M. Vanden Berghes, speaks, highly, for the artist. MM. Juillerat, Louise, Dejos, and Peragallo, have all executed portraits more or less remarkable.

The water-colour department of this season is ably filled. There are various charming views by M. Hubert, picked up here and there. M. Louis David gives a 'Tyrolian Family,' a 'Horse Race through Fields.' M. Finck gives some very pretty portraits. M. Pannier, M. Jules Etex, and Madame Laure de Leomenil, some very elegant ones, &c. &c. M. Dauzat gives five powerful sketches of the French army in the fearful defile, called 'The Iron Gates.' Crayons are dignified by the pencil of M. Marechal, of Metz; he gives 'The Gitanos,' 'The Student,' and 'Two Male Heads.'

In sculpture, M. Etex has executed 'The Tomb of Gericault.' The illustrious painter is represented reclining, holding his palette, that which he used in bed till within a few days of his death. The statue is in marble; the bas-relief, in bronze, is a copy of his 'Shipwreck of the Medusa' on the sides of the pedestal, in stone, are engraved his 'Chasseur à Cheval,' and his 'Cuirassier.' M. Pradier has enlarged the proportions of the charming statue known as the 'Odasque.' M. Bartolini, a Florentine sculptor, has personified in the nymph Aegina, the poetical inhabitants of the banks of the Arno. M. Jouffrais gives us a very striking work; it is called, 'Disenchantment; it represents a woman, very beautiful, holding in her hand the cup of pleasure, empty. There is in the head of the statue an expression of melancholy, for which language has no word. In the relaxation of the arms and body, a weariness, for which *fastidium* rife is the best translation. We have 'Prometheus Chained,' by M. Legendre Alral, and 'Giotto Tracing the Head of a Lamb on the Saffron,' M. Jaley has modelled the statue of the Maréchal Comte Gerard. M. Oudine the bust of M. Galle, &c. &c.

We have thus noted many of the principal works in the gallery. Some deserve more detailed criticism and a more full description; and, of some of these, we reserve to ourselves the right to speak hereafter, particularly of historical works—the style that should most directly fulfil the highest function of the fine arts—the teaching of the people. Who can tell the latent spark that may be awakened in a young or unformed mind by the contemplation of a picture that withdraws the mind from trivial thoughts by recalling what have been the worthy objects of exertion to the great and good of all times.

OBSERVATIONS ON "THE HANGING OF PICTURES."

SIR.—Nothing can be more just than some of the remarks upon "Picture Hanging" by your correspondent "An Original Subscriber;" but they are not altogether new: he will find very similar recommendations in Blackwood's Magazine for March 1840. I should not now have troubled you with any observations, were it not my intention to revert to the subject; that being the case, it may be worth while to consider, or that your correspondent would reconsider, the good or bad effects of a slanting position; and that it is in any case proper, his contrivance is simple and easy. Perfectly agreeing with him, that the horizontal line should be with the eye of the spectator, I would not make it so, by the forced position, if suspended high, and by thus making the picture meet the eye at right angles. It is fair to observe, that he seems to more than imply that it is still an evil by saying, "when circumstances render it necessary" to suspend a picture above its suitable position. The following reasons are important. The light, if it be good for the pictures underneath, must be bad for these inclined forward; and if not too high, they will receive reflection from below, from furniture, and even the floor; this I observed last year at the National Gallery; some of the pictures it was impossible to see, particularly the large Gaspar, the 'Abraham.' But there is a much stronger objection in all rooms lighted from above; you have the light more in your eye than on the picture, whereas when you look at a picture you should see no light but there, in fact be unconscious whence it comes. With any glare of light in the eye, it is impossible to judge of the proper effect of a picture; that is, if we judge; it is from habit; but we cannot truly feel the sentiment of the piece: it will make what is light, limsy and poor; what is deep, will be more certainly destroyed, and obscurity take the place of well ordered chiaro oscuro and colour. The painter, aware of this, then best feels his subject, when he paints with a light from above, and that generally a small light; so it was at least with the old masters. Raffaele's was very small, and there is a natural reason for it, in which too is involved, another objection. It is always painful to look up, not only as to the constrained uneasy position; and therefore you never should look at a picture, which requires long observations, under the necessity of calculating how long you may hold out, or rather hold up your head; but nature has done all that can be done to protect the eye from glare; notwithstanding that the poet says, that "Providence has given man a face sublime, (to look up), and bade him look at the heavens, and raise his erect countenance to the stars."

"Os homini sublime dedit cœlumque tuari
Jussit et erectos ad tylos tollere vultus."

Yet see how the poet labours with his own efforts; for in fact, before he can make his man look up, he thrice attempts the thing; for the separate passages of the two lines present but one act. If man has the face to look up, he has the face to look at the heavens; and if the heavens, the stars. I do not after all know that man can look up a bit better than a bear, or a monkey, nor so well as some animals whose noses are in the way of their looking down. But that was well for the poet's argument, and has nothing to do with picture hanging; he never thought about that, when he ventured to praise man's audacity. Now it happens that the human eye is, by a peculiarly fenced in and guarded organ, less free than that of the brute, which is sure to receive in a more direct and unmitigated when raised. Socrates, reasoning with the atheist, Aristodemos, instances the delicate contexture of the eye of man, and that, therefore, Providence hath prepared eyelids like doors whereby to secure it, which, when open, extend and close in sleep; and these eyelids have on them a fence at their edge, to keep off the wind and guard the eye," says Socrates; but it is much more probable to soften the light, which, thus passing through them, comes softened as through a sieve or blind. When he compares the brow to a "pent-house," which has not only the purpose of keeping off water from injuring the eye's surface, which the philosopher notices, but a double purpose, which it is surprising the son of a statuary (and himself had worked at that craft) should not have noticed, the

deep shadow thrown by the brow over the hollow in which the eye is placed, that thus looks out, and contemplates in shade, and as it were in retirement and at ease, whatever it selects to examine. How seldom is it, indeed, that the eyelids themselves are fully drawn back, excepting when we look up; but we naturally take advantage of the whole shelter and protection given us. When we naturally look up, it is when we are thrown out, as it were, of our common habit; it is when we are in agony of grief, and in supplication; then, indeed, being in pain we throw off all our wonted, and our own, because personally our, guards, and look for a protection beyond that given to us. Our hands and all our limbs are indeed then taken off from their daily use, and brought into that combined act of prayer, which shows a relinquishment of all other occupation, an abandonment of the body to the desires of the soul. Now let not this be considered a forced argument, because it involves such serious speculations. There is truth in it; and great truths have a wide range, and take in things small as well as great; their very beauty is in their many uses; and I believe no one who reflects upon it will doubt that the argument does bear directly upon Art in the manner I have put it. Thus then it is very manifest, that when the eye is raised for any length of time, as is required in looking at a picture, it is not in its quiescent, its habitual state, and therefore not fit for contemplation, for judgment, and consequently not fit to receive the pleasure which those faculties provide; that also it is in a state of pain, that being too forcibly acted upon by the light, losing the use of its natural protective powers, the eyelids, the eyelash, and eyebrow, it has lost its *measure* of light which is required to understand that of a picture; and the strained position of the neck, painful, and therefore unfit for a state of enjoyment, will not allow it time to adjust its powers properly to the new condition. I have often thought it of *very* great importance to consider this in the hanging of pictures; they are not like furniture to be seen at a glance or at many glances, they are to be seen in an untiring position. I would, therefore, were I to build a gallery for Art, take care to remove the temptation of space to hang pictures above the level of the eye. The picture, it may be said, may be so large that much must be above the due line: no, for the spectator should invariably retire till the whole piece come within his easy observation, and at such distance will he see it best. Take, for example, the large picture of 'Sebastian del Piombo,' in the National Gallery, how much is it injured by the horizontal line being so much above the eye; it sinks the principal group; and but that the figures in the back ground are small, they would appear to fall in confusion over the grand conception of the picture. The figure of the Saviour is but little above the centre line of the picture; the whole arrangement of the composition is to place him there, all the figures as lines converging to him, so that he stands, as it were, in a clear space for the display of his miraculous power; and it is not without design that immediately above him is the level stream and bridge, and the cloud above them, which, with the lines of the heads, arches in, as it were, the Divine person. But is this, the intention of the great painter, at once discernible? has it its miraculous, its instantaneous effect? No, we cannot see it as it should be seen, the eye upon the horizontal line. We, indeed, "look up and are not fed."

There is in the National Gallery the large Gaspar, 'Abraham ascending to the Sacrifice;' it is true it is not placed (what would be termed) high; but lower it till the eye rests on the flat of the horizon, you would be on a height then, and with the great father of believers still ascending, heaven's light directing him in the path, with the low valley in which he had left his attendants and wordly cares in deep obscurity below him. To see these pictures as we do see them, is to see them without their sentiment, their moral, their beauty of design, the mind of the painter; and so we only see, as we think, a landscape; but it is more—and only by constant repetition of inspection, and bit by bit, we find out what it is. I have only mentioned two pictures, I might have enumerated all, of any value, that are placed above the eye; all are more or less injured.

It is surprising that your correspondent, "An Original Subscriber," should set up his rule, and with some pains, and then annihilate it by the fol-

lowing sentence:—"If the scene represented be hilly, unless the objects become indistinct from the effect of distance, it matters little at what elevation the picture is suspended; indeed, the elevated angle at which you have to look up to mountainous forms, may add to their apparent elevation and grandeur; and, in such cases, the position of the horizon not being easily determined by the observer, perspective defects, resulting from the elevated situation of the picture, are unobserved." Yet if the picture be inclined downwards, and the head slant upwards, the picture is still at a right angle to the eye. If it be not inclined, the foreground and the intermediate ground are raised with the mountains; what possible advantage, then, can the mountains have? And as to inclining them forward, in that case they are more com-pleasant than they were to Mahomet; and, in a picture, it is certainly better that we should go to them, that neither be in a false position. The horizon which regulates the painter, ought, likewise, to regulate the spectator, and it is as true in mountainous as in any other scenery. Artists do, indeed, frequently violate this part of their pictures for the sake of raising, as they term it, their figure; but it is done upon wrong principles, and in ignorance or in neglect of better rules for effecting their purpose. I do not remember an instance of this violation in any of the great *old* masters—they worked upon principles which did not demand it. There is a striking instance of this violation in Sir T. Lawrence's 'Kemble, as Hamlet,' in the National Gallery. The eye of the painter is at the foot of the figure or thereabouts, for the elevated turrets do not appear very high: now if Hamlet be on the ramparts, and the painter nearly upon a line with him, so nearly would the horizontal line be with the head of the figure. To have it where it is, and the figure so large, the whole would be very greatly foreshortened, and he would look into the nostrils, and lose the dignity of the forehead. He has not done this, and has violated perspective. If, however, it is offensive (nor does the conception, however fine as it is, justify it), there was no necessity for it. Sir Joshua Reynolds frequently erred in the same way; as in his portraits of 'Three Ladies Adorning the Statue of Hymen.' We have an instance too of it in Opie's 'Troilus and Cressida,' as he pleased to call the thing (more like a laundry-maid airing sheets, and two thieves stealing them): here the horizon is not half-way up the figure, though, to be sure, the balustrade tells you not to mind the actual, for it points to another perspective. That admirable portrait of 'Ralph Schomberg, Esq.,' by Gainsborough, which, we hope, will find its way back to the Gallery, has the same defect; and his celebrated 'Blue Boy.' We see nothing of this kind in the Cartoons; Raffaele did not think it necessary to imagine himself crouching on the ground to see the Saviour and the apostles working their miracles. All these have high horizons *above the heads of the figures*—so in his Bible: and how admirably subservient to his purposes his back grounds are. They are not shirked or smothered in mistily; they belong to the figures, and are of assistance to the composition; if doing no other service, often varying the lines which the heads of figures standing together would present. But this subject would require more than cursory observations. Let those who would discover principles, study these compositions of the great Raffaele. To return, then, to the hanging of pictures.

How, it might be asked, is a remedy to be found? Where there is not room enough, some pictures must be suspended above others, in private rooms, for instance. The answer is, find room—build proper rooms—not a room, nor fit your pictures to it, as furniture. Pictures are far too expensive for furniture, and too costly to have any of their beauties not well set off. You would not injudiciously set your diamonds; yet pictures are rarer diamonds, and require no less care in the setting. It may be said, that this plan of not allowing pictures *over* pictures, would have a tendency to limit the patronage of Art. At first view, and perhaps to some extent, at present, it might be so, but not for a continuance. Many are disgusted, as it is, with pictures which (and they cannot account for it) do not look their best, not as they did when on the artist's easel, and they cease to be patrons: for can there be anything more prejudicial, in the end, to patronage and to Art,

than that pictures should not look well, should not be seen according to the mind that is in them? It is positive defamation of the artist as a man of genius. Then, on the other hand, in those who must be patrons, driven to it by their natural tastes and wealth, there would, were this principle well understood, be a change—they would build suitable galleries. The fashion once set would be readily followed, and Art itself be raised by the ambitious position each individual picture would claim; and all of any stamp and note would be rescued from the class of furniture. Galleries should be built, not for one show-room; if still they must be termed galleries. There should be many rooms, each one light, and, in many instances, one picture: but this would only be the case with extraordinary pictures, such as are in their feeling intended to be seen alone—as some subjects of devotional cast, some single figures of a deep and lonely affection. If they are worth the buying at their value, they are worth providing with a proper room. This would be to enjoy pictures. Nor is there any necessity of having rooms of that great height, as when the room is enlarged to receive all; so that in this respect a considerable expense might be saved. But I am here intrenching upon the province of the architect; it is for his genius to remove difficulties, and for Architecture to provide a habitation for the sister Art. Much, likewise, might be said upon the subject of galleries for statues, which, in the common way, are anything but seen. I have been drawn on to these remarks to more length than was intended, or may seem suitable to objections made against the remedy for a difficulty, which I would rather assume should not exist. Rather remove the "necessity" than provide the means for setting it off. I rejoice, Sir, that you have directed your attention to the subject of hanging pictures; and I would take this opportunity of inquiring, through your valuable 'ART-UNION,' of the "hangers" at the Academy, and other places of public exhibition, what object they can have in the pyramidal form in which they build up their shows, generally placing at the apex some unfortunate piece of miniature dimensions, and probably of microscopic execution? If it be, by a false perspective, to give vast ideas of the height, length, and breadth of British talent, it is ingenious, and may have its effect, and astonish the few Esquimaux and New Zealanders that may happen to frequent our exhibitions. It is to be hoped that they will export the custom: but it is very hard upon the poor victims, the artists, who, indeed, enjoy their names in the catalogue, without having "to prate of their whereabouts." There is very little Art-union, certainly, in the practice; for the reciprocity is all on one side, and the junction seems a forcible possession. And why are some honorary members and exhibitors, whose *works* ought to be *suspended*, *hanged* annually "in terrorem"? As you intend, Sir, to proceed with the subject, it is time that I should conclude, hoping that the views of one who has thought much upon the subject, may elicit notices of value from those who have thought more; or, at all events, be serviceable to those who have not bestowed any thoughts upon it at all.

AMATEUR.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

No. 90. 'Marriage Festival previous to the Deluge,' W. Etty, R.A. Whether considered in regard to richness of fancy, fullness and skill of composition, scientific knowledge and arrangement of colour, accurate and vigorous drawing, or overflowing luxuriance of sentiment, this picture has no rival in the exhibition; it is filled almost to redundancy with the most varied yet hilarious mirth. It is difficult to say which most to admire, the true poetry of its conception, or the almost wonderful execution by which that conception has been worked out and completed; altogether it is a most gorgeous work of art, of which both painter and possessor may be equally proud. No. 91. 'The Mirror—I see you,' C. Lees, R.S.A. A very fair picture of two interesting children performing their antics before a looking-glass; the subject, although rather hacknied, is one which, if well executed, will always be interesting, and Mr. Lees has not been unsuccessful in it, though he has not done a very great deal to enhance its value; there is a good and pleasing tone, and an agreeable colour over it. His 99, 'Boys Looking at a Print,' is a very natural picture so far as the idea is concerned,

but it has not been worked out with much skill, the drawing in many parts being defective. But what could ever have tempted him to paint such a subject as 145, 'Chess-Players' two great lubberly fellows sitting over a chess-board till they have all but fallen asleep; one of them yawns most unmercifully: were it not that his appearance has created a dislike to him, we should have great apprehensions of his dislocating his jaw;—as it is, we do not care a rush: even the dog beside him seems sick of the matter, and hangs tail upon the subject in a most piteous manner. No. 112. 'Dutch Shipping—Calm,' E. T. Crawford, A. A very cleverly painted picture; almost every thing in it is well and properly executed; yet it is the very same thing to appearance, at least in effect, which we have had from him year after year, for a long, long time, even to the ferry red with which he fills water, air, and earth: he ought to try at least a little variety, for even too much honey becomes nauseous to the palate; he has good stuff as well as industry in him, as his pictures prove, but he must endeavour to throw off this continually recurring mannerism, if he intends to prosper in his art. No. 116. 'View of Scarborough from the Beach,' W. H. Townsend. Seemingly a good picture, so far as it can be seen, but from the arrangements of the 'haulers,' it has been converted into a regular skyscraper. The same may be said of his 132, 'Landscape, with Cattle,' which, by influence of the same agency, has also become a candidate for the highest honours. No. 104. 'Portrait of Mrs. Wilson,' Colvin Smith, R.S.A. A very characteristic portrait of an old lady, containing many of the peculiarities of Mr. Smith's style: his portraits are generally faithful likenesses, very forcibly painted, partaking much more of vigour than of grace; there is also frequently to be noticed in his works, a considerable heaviness of colouring. Among the numerous portraits which he contributes, his 322, 'Portrait of the late Daniel Ellis, Esq.,' is remarkable for its unconstrained ease and naturalness in every respect; it is among the best of the male portraits in the collection. No. 125. 'His Majesty King George the Fourth received by the Nobles and People of Scotland, &c.,' Sir David Wilkie, R.A. H.R.S.A. A picture not by any means calculated to enhance the artist's reputation; it is, no doubt, well painted, and contains much of artistic excellence, yet it seems to bear evidence of command in almost every line of its composition; every thing seems suppressed, and stunted to make way for the importance of the King; a piece of flattery which may be all very well for Court painters, but is not the best imaginable method for the construction of first-rate pictures; the colouring, and light and shadow, are beautiful, and true, albeit a little under the influence of that depressing subordination to the dignity of royalty already noticed. 268. 'The Guerrilla's Return to his Family,' also by Wilkie, is a picture exhibiting great merits, and containing glaring defects: as a piece of beautifully harmonious colouring, it is very fine, but it is totally destitute of the sentiment we should look for in such a subject. The wounded guerrilla is returning to a family which, seemingly, takes very little interest in his fate: it appears to consist of two females, but whether they are connected with him in the relationship of wife and daughter, or by what other tie, is not at all apparent; it is, however, perfectly certain, that if the donkey on which he rides had been the sufferer, instead of himself, they could not have shown a greater degree of apathy than is exhibited by both. The wounded man is very ill drawn, in many respects; his head, for example, not being much more than half the size it should be. These remarks may be deemed harsh, but they are not beyond the truth: the influence of Wilkie's name is, in this sense, unfortunately, of such importance, as to render his errors dangerous to all who fall within its reach; converting into objects for imitation, what, in any less fortunate individual, would be shunned as dangerous paths. If we are to be content with a happy arrangement of colours, in the works of such men as he is, where are we to expect excellence? No. 127. 'At Swanston,' Arthur Perigal, jun. A very clever and pleasing little landscape, painted with all the freshness and vigour of a study from Nature. A fine, lively, little mountain rill runs joyously through the picture; imparting a cool pleasantness to the scene, the interest of which is still further enhanced by the skilful introduction of some happy cottage children at play, luxuriating in the sunshine; altogether it is a most charming little morceau. 286. 'Scene on the Water of Leith,' by the same, is another fine out-of-door piece of painting; the water is cool, clear, and flowing. His 375, 'On the Garry,' is also an excellent land-

scape; the feeling and general treatment of it are of a high order; the cattle in the fore-ground are happily introduced, and well painted. This very promising young artist has several other pictures besides those enumerated, all possessing merit in a high degree: he has a fine eye for nature; let him endeavour to follow her footsteps as he has hitherto done, and he will yet attain a high standing in Art. No. 126. 'The Bird Trap,' W. Kidd, H. A nice, clean little picture, of two rather spruce young gentlemen making up a bird-trap with three bricks; they seem very eager on their sport, but whether they will be equally successful with their eagerness is rather a more doubtful question. 298. 'A Gipsy's Encampment,' by the same, is a picture not much to our mind; it is dark and heavy without being impressive: many of the parts are very badly drawn. His 329, 'The Friendly Contest—Greenwich and Chelsea Pensioners playing the Game of Draughts,' is, however, a pear of another tree: the drawing and painting are truly exquisite; the diversity of character and variety of incident are of the richest quality and most felicitous excellence; there is a greater quantity of artistic material lavished on this single subject than would furnish the studios of some half-dozen of artists of repute; yet there is no squeezing, no crowding in it; the whole is skilfully arranged and beautifully elaborated. It has, however, one fault—the want of toning—which tends to injure the effect of what would otherwise be without many rivals in the exhibition. No. 149. 'Interview between Regent Murray and Mary Queen of Scots,' Alex. Johnston. A very good picture; there is good and powerful drawing in it; the expressions are varied, forcible, and appropriate, particularly in the sardonic and biting character of the head of Murray; the whole air indeed of the Regent is that of domineering, arrogant superiority and dogmatic self-satisfaction. The general deportment of the Queen, although good, is not quite so felicitous; there is more of bewilderment than dignity in her aspect and action. No. 409. 'Affection,' by the same, is a very natural and pleasing picture of a pretty and interesting female with a pet lamb; there is an air of fine feeling over this, with which the general tone of colour is in perfect harmony; the unpretending aspect of the picture may render it, to some extent, liable to be overlooked for some more showy and more worthless production. No. 168. 'Becco on the Coast of Genoa,' Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A. A most delicious gem: the pure atmospheric effect of this picture steadily grows into admiration upon the spectator; it is not a picture highly striking at first; indeed, it is one of those, which in the bustle and glitter of an exhibition-room might almost run some risk of being overlooked, but the oftener it is seen the more highly must it be appreciated, producing, as it does, sensations of the liveliest delight: there is in it no pretension, no straining to produce an impression; all is the quiet unobtrusiveness of nature; it possesses a warmth, repose, and inoffensive beauty, which is not to be compared with any other landscape in the rooms. No. 179. 'Faith,' W. Dyce, A. A substantial good picture: there is no flimsiness in any part of it; the head is well drawn and clearly painted, bating a little chalkiness in the flesh; the drapery is ample, and painted in a broad and simple manner. No. 194. 'Portrait of a Lady,' M. Burton. A very clever portrait of an interesting young lady, clearly painted and well coloured, although it probably might have been improved by a little more firmness and decision in the colour. No. 248, 'Norval Learning the Art of War,' by the same, is another good picture. There is a fine feeling in the head and action of the old hermit, who seems to enter with great gusto into the studies of his *élève*; the whole is sweetly coloured and well toned. His 285, 'The Invalid Student' is a very fine picture, with a great deal of pathetic truth in it. An aged widow is sitting consoling her son, whose hollow, wan cheek and sunken eye speak forcibly the truth, that his abiding-place is not long to be in this world: the incidents introduced are very touching and felicitously explanatory of the melancholy story of one whose days have been spent in the acquisition of that learning which was to qualify him to occupy the pulpit with credit to himself, for the honour of his Master, and the benefit of the flock; but now, alas! his days are numbered, and he is plainly doomed never to hold the office which was his ambition and delight to contemplate the possession of: the quiet resignation of both mother and son are most exquisitely yet painfully depicted. No. 207. 'Drowsy Messenger,' W. Wallace. A well-coloured picture, with a good tone, of a little girl of rather prepossessing appearance, who, however, has rather unaccountably fallen asleep, standing with her elbow resting on the bank of a roadside.

With this trifling abatement, the picture is a very pleasant one. 230. 'Greek Girl,' by the same, is a capably-painted and well coloured head of a very pretty female, with no superabundance of expression. His 312, 'Portrait of the late Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston, H.R.S.A.,' is a very well painted portrait: the handling is firm, the drawing and arrangement excellent, and the character of the head true, although the expression seems rather too young. No. 297. 'The Disappointed,' J. A. Houston. A flimsy, trashy representation of a holiday-looking young woman, who, if this be a true resemblance, could expect, as she certainly deserved, no other fate. She appears like a sort of Sunday ghost of a young woman, whom Mr. Burton last year had placed at the foot of a "trysting tree," but has suffered much by bleaching since that period. His 365, 'The Watch-fire,' is another picture of the extremely clean school. Here are soldiers, whose whole life has evidently been spent at their toilet; their sole occupation has apparently been one continuous round of scouring their complexions and furnishing their accoutrements, all is so trim, trig, and bazaar-like. 434. 'Porch of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois,' is worth all his other pictures put together—at least, in an artistic point of view: there is nature and truth in it; while the others are mere dandified absurdities. No. 306. 'A Sketch from Nature,' S. Blackburn, is a sketch from no sort of nature to be met in this quarter at least, but bears a strong resemblance to a bad copy of a similar subject by Sir Joshua Reynolds. 371. 'An Incident in the Life of Columbus' by the same, is a very poor production; the general effect of the colour is not bad, but beyond that, the less said the better. Columbus is represented as a rude vulgar boor, a man as likely to have sailed to the moon in an egg-shell, as to have discovered America; while his patron, the prior of Santa Maria de Robida, seems little removed from the character of a grinning and imbecile baboon. His 388, 'Queen Mary and Bothwell,' is a bad pinky sort of representation of a scene which, if it did occur, assuredly ought never to have been painted. No. 328. 'A Stirrup Cup,' Gourlay Steel. A picture indicating considerable improvement upon any of the artist's previous productions; the pony is well drawn and painted, and his rider good in every part except the head: the girl who waits upon him is a pleasing, clean, and homely Scotch lassie, modest, and properly behaved. His 414, 'Bouthron's Visit to the Duke of Rothsay,' although a more ambitious, is not by any means so good a picture: the subject is in itself a repulsive one, and the melo-dramatic treatment here bestowed on it renders it ridiculous; it is, in fact, a style of art obviously beyond the artist's present powers: he will do well to confine his efforts to subjects more within his reach. No. 341. 'Something in the Wind,' J. Giles, R.S.A. An exceedingly clever picture of its class. Some deer grazing on a wild heathy rock upon a mountain top, while a fine stag on the watch evidently smells "something in the wind," and starts accordingly. The action of the animals is extremely fine, and the handling almost truth itself; the painting of the crispy, dry, stunted heather, might challenge comparison with that growing on the wildest uplands in Loch Rannoch. His 402, 'Drovers,' is another very clever picture: the drawing and arrangement of the cattle, and, indeed, of the whole subject, is of the best sort; the sky is clear with an intensely glowing sunset. Being placed in immediate juxtaposition with a picture of a much cooler tone by Mr. Macculloch, the two have the effect of mutually injuring each other, making the one appear firey-red, the other chilly and greatly colder than it would have been under other circumstances. No. 343. 'Scottish Emigrants halting in the Prairie,' Tavernor Knott. A good picture, carefully studied, and well arranged; the bustle of an encampment in the prairie is excellently expressed; the figure of the Indian is dignified, and his action simple and graceful as he points across the tenacious and dreary flat. This picture is a decided step in advance of anything this rising artist has yet produced, and indicates industry and observation, as well as judgment to direct these qualities; he has still some errors in his style of painting to overcome, but they are such as a little attention on his part will easily enable him to obviate.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOREIGN ART.

GENIUS OF ART IN FRANCE.—It was our intention to have given a short essay on the genius of Art in Spain, but as we have, in another page of the number of the Art-Union, given a brief detail of the works of Art this year exhibited in the Louvre, and we think that it may be more interesting to our readers, in relation to the present state of painting in France, to present them with a slight sketch of the forms under which Art has appeared in that country since the reign of Louis XIV., and to point out the characteristics of some of the leading schools of Paris.

Art is, to a certain degree, a reflection of the manners of the epoch; it is their translation in marble and canvas; but with exceptions; for there are men of genius that arise in their own strength and greatness, and their works represent their individual minds alone. Under Louis XIV., we find a character of majesty and grandeur: the school of Poussin, Puget, Philip de Champagne, and Lesueur. Under Louis XV., we have meretricious and pretending works: rouge, patches, ribbons of a thousand colours; it is the time of Boucher and De Greuze. The encyclopedists and the Roman tragedies of Voltaire awoke recollections of antiquity: Hallé, Carl Vanloo, Vien, attach themselves to the chariots of the philosophers. Hallé composes his 'Trajan Listening to the Complaints of a Poor Woman,' Carl Vanloo his 'Augustus Closing the Temple of Janus,' Vien 'The Benevolence of Marcus Aurelius.' The revolution is slowly preparing itself: it breaks forth, and David, Regnault, Lethière, appear with their pictures of anatomical design and theatrical arrangement; the highest expression of this style is seen in 'The Rape of the Sabines,' by David; the 'Brutus,' by Lethière; the 'Education of Achilles,' by Regnault. This is the first era of republican art; it has little variety, its beauty is conventional, its attitudes exaggerated, its rules mathematical. Carlo Vernet, in his 'Tableaux de Genre,' modifies this style, and while he preserves its severe correctness of design and purity of taste, he introduces a new element into Art, that is—feeling; it will increase hereafter. It is now the reign of Guérin, Girardot, and the heavy Meynier. Opinion places the two first of these artists on a high pedestal—theirs is the sceptre of the day. The first paints the 'Three Ages,' the second 'Endymion' and 'The Deluge,' which obtains the decennial prize contested by Gerard and David. Guérin paints the 'Clytemnestra' and the 'Dido.' Gerard is a man of real talent, and has produced some great works, especially the 'Entry of Henry IV. into Paris,' perhaps the finest work of the French school in modern times; but he also borrows largely the ideas of others, and arranges them skillfully as his own. He is himself the school of the empire; mythology and military subjects, with those of antiquity, have a monopoly of pictures. Gros and Prud'hon are two revolutionary painters—pariahs of Art; in one we have fire, in the other grace. The style of the last, Guérin characterized when he said, "it is a fine falsehood." Yet Prud'hon threw a real light on Art, and his 'Vengeance Pursuing Crime' produced an unheard-of sensation among true judges of Art. Yet his life passes in obscurity; and Gros is so little appreciated, that he sells his magnificent work of 'The Sick of the Plague at Jaffa' for 1000 francs, while M. Revail receives 12,000 francs for his 'Francis I.' We are now in the full tide of restoration, but the imperial traditions still survive and perpetuate themselves. Gerard is named painter to the king, and is still the ruler of Art; but religious subjects begin to mingle with theological ones, especially from the pencils of young artists. M. A. De Pujol produces a 'St. Stephen,' M. Couder 'The Levite of Ephraim,' M. Schuetz the 'Samaritan,' while Horace Vernet gives to a people yet filled with recollections of Napoleon, his clever lithographs of every kind, the ready money of his genius, reserving for later times more serious labours. Beside the school of Gerard arises that of Gros—more rich and vigorous in colouring; the first is the favourite of the academy and the masters, the second of the pupils; the one is for the present, the other for futurity. The only exceptions are M. Horsent, who is successful in 'Tableaux de Genre,' and M. Granet, who follows no system, but seeks to reproduce nature under conditions

that do not change by theories of Art. Gradually the empire of these two schools is more and more encroached on, some, like M. Steuben, not rejecting what is to be gained from recent traditions; others, like Messieurs Scheffer and P. Delaroche, trampling them under foot. This is a youthful pride which will cure itself. One brilliant individual genius arises—it is Géricault, who dies, not from want, as has been said, but of regret that he was only understood by a few bold innovators. He leaves us that great page in French Art, 'The Shipwreck of the Medusa.' M. Ingres has enthroned sentiment in his 'Vow of Louis XIII.,' the circle of his admirers daily augments notwithstanding severe criticisms. Other original artists follow their individual bent, the unity of the imperial sceptre disappears, and the revolution of July sets its seal to the change in Art which separates itself from the traditions of the immediately preceding period. The romantic school is formed; she rejects the lessons of the more distant past, even while she celebrates the classic names of Raffaele and Poussin. We have M. Delacroix carried away by the flights of his eccentric genius; M. Delaroche exploring the puritanic history of England, while, through his extreme simplicity, pretention peeps forth; M. Scheffer, on the banks of the Rhine, popularizes German ballads and German mysticisms; M. Decamps is a school in himself, full of glowing and original fancy; Leopold Robert died too early to leave successors. Historical landscape revives under the auspices of Christian Art; the classical and romantic schools advance side by side, the one in right of age the other of possession, though they scarcely deserve the name when each pupil seeks to strike out his own path disregarding the experience of the past. Now, at the present moment, these extremes are somewhat calmed, a wiser and truer mode of study begins to prevail.

STRASBOURG.—*The Institution of the Rhine.*—This is a fine and useful institution, and will prove a connecting link between France and Germany. An exhibition of paintings and sculpture is proposed to be held successively in the cities of Mayence, Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, Mannheim, and Strasbourg; and the artists of every nation are invited to send their works. The probability of selling pictures is good; and if one is purchased by a member of the association, it is with the condition that the picture remain to be exhibited in the other cities. The programme proclaims the cosmopolitan nature of the fine arts, which in their essence are everywhere the same, and that the varieties drawn from the modifications of country, climate, models, and other causes, will serve to give a higher interest to the proposed exhibition.

ITALY.—**ROME.**—Her Majesty, Christina, ex-regent of Spain, has commanded the sculptor, Finelli, to execute a statue of herself in marble, in the royal Dalmatic robes; and also a statue of her daughter, Isabella, the youthful Queen of Spain. To the painter, Cesare Masini, she has given the order for a grand picture, having for its subject the taking of Ciudad Victoria.

FLORENCE.—Sabatelli, the celebrated artist, has just finished a splendid picture, 'La Peste di Messina.' It is to be regretted by the lovers of art here, that the Cavalier Masseroni has sold a great part of his celebrated collection in ivory, among which are the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Sanovino; the charming statue of 'The Madonna and Child,' by Orcagna; and the incomparable 'Bouquet of Flowers' by the famous artist Cramer. It is believed, that these objects, with many cameos purchased here, belonging to Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples, and some fine embroidery, belonging to the Princess Caraccioli, are selected by a connoisseur, as a speculation for England.

NAPLES.—Guerra, the favourite painter of Naples, has finished his great picture of the 'Battle of Benevento.' The composition is grand; it is full of movement, and the drawing and colouring are magnificent. Some severe critics find a want of chiaro-scuro in the whole effect.

VENICE.—The young artist Giacomelli, a native of this place, and possessing true talent, has been commissioned by the city of Trieste to paint all the victories obtained by her citizens during the middle ages; much is expected from the works.

ARCHITECTURAL COMPETITIONS.

From the commencement of the Art-Union up to the present time, the subject of architectural competitions has uninterruptedly received our attention; and we have endeavoured, to the best of our ability, to obtain for architects courtesy as gentlemen, and something like justice in the award, at the hands of those in whom the decision rested. The competitions for the honour of erecting the Royal Exchange and the Nelson Monument, have afforded us constant opportunities of recurring to this point; and we are gratified to learn, in many ways, that, notwithstanding a proper regulation of competitions is yet to be arrived at, our efforts have had the effect of concentrating the opinions of others, and have aided in showing clearly to the public what it is that is wanted. At the present moment, both in France and England, it is deemed a question of import by large numbers of persons. All feel that public competitions afford means for the emergence from obscurity of unaided talent, which had otherwise perished unproductively; and that, by the appeal to them, the elder professor is compelled to activity and progress with the times, in order that he may not lose his proper place; but they see that under the present regulation of them,—through the present scandalous abuse of the system of competition,—the artist of long standing will not venture to lose both his time and his reputation; that the younger members of the profession having nothing else to do, who are tempted into the lottery, must acquire careless habits of design, and be led to depend more on chicanery and manoeuvring than on industry and study; and, consequently, that the artistical character is degraded by the whole proceeding.

The admitted mal-administration, however, in all competitions does not touch the system itself; and if advantage is seen to belong to the system, and evil follows simply from the mode of carrying it out, we have merely to rectify the latter and good is the result. At all events, we would maintain that public competition should invariably be resorted to for all works which, from their destination or their importance, are fairly entitled to the term national.

We have been more especially led to the subject at this moment, by the proceedings of the *Société Libre des Beaux Arts* in Paris, respecting the proposed monument to Napoleon; and the publication of a small pamphlet by M. Goldicutt, entitled 'The Competition for the Erection of the Nelson Monument critically examined.' The main object of this letter,—which although it hardly bears out its title, being somewhat too slight for the subject, is yet likely to be useful,—is to induce the Institute of British Architects to step forward, and by the expression of a strong opinion, and by interference in particular cases, to assist in effecting a proper arrangement of all future competitions. Professing, as the Institute does, to uphold by united exertion the character and respectability of its professors, and to promote by all means in its power the art and science which its members profess, we feel that this is not asking too much of the Institute; but that it owes it to itself and the profession generally, to throw aside all weak scruples and time-serving fears, and to adopt some decisive measures to secure a proper and efficient adjudication. The public, knowing the position and ability of the greater number of its members, would look with confidence to any statement that might be issued in its name; and committees would be forced by the weight of opinion to yield answers to its inquiries, and give attention to its suggestions. A Report on the subject was issued by the Institute some time ago, which was valuable so far as it went: unfortunately, however, it did not go half far enough.

The nature of the directions to which competitors are required to conform is a most important point for consideration: the greatest explicitness should be insisted on in this respect, as well as a rigid adherence to it afterwards in making the selection. Beyond this, one of the most essential steps to be gained is, that the public should be admitted to examine and discuss the designs, both before and after the adjudication—at all events before. We have, over and over again, insisted upon this; but it is really so essentially important in order that the arbitrators may feel the necessity of using due diligence and zeal—and not merely that, but in order to aid them in arriving at a proper opinion on the relative merits of the designs—that we do not scruple again and again to urge it.

VARIETIES.

THE NATION has purchased the 'Two Francis,' formerly in the Lucca Gallery. "A committee of taste"—among whom were W. Wells, Esq., and Samuel Rogers, Esq.—recommended the purchase to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are bought for £3500; the sum demanded for them last year was £4000; it was considered too much, and the transaction was closed. In order to give our readers some idea of the two pictures—thus become public property—we cannot do better than extract the notice of them we published at the time of the sale:—

"Francesco Francia, 'The Virgin, Jesus, St. Ann, St. John, and four Saints.' A sweet and charming production of this early but most admirable master, mentioned by Vasari, as painted for the church of St. Prudiano, at Lucca, and having his name inscribed round the border of the throne upon which the Virgin is seated: it has much of the sweetness of Raffaele's early manner, though with less elevation of character. As an excellent example of early art it is to be coveted.

"By the same, is the 'Lunetta,' or circular top to the preceding picture, painted for the same church, and representing the Dead Saviour upon the Virgin's lap, attended by two angels: full of the most pious and elegant sentiment. A specimen of great value on account of the rarity of genuine specimens in England."

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The success which has attended the efforts of the Committee during the present year, is of a very gratifying character. The number of members is considerably more than double what it was last year; the amount collected being, as nearly as can be ascertained at this moment, £5200, the whole of which, with the exception of a sufficient sum for the payment of the current expenses, will be devoted to the purchase of works of Art, and to engraving and distributing a print to every subscriber. The allotment of the prizes will take place at Willis's large room, King-street, St. James's, on Tuesday next, the 29th April, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge will take the chair, and many of the nobility and patrons of Art have promised to attend to support the royal President. This may be said, in fact, to be the first year of the Society's existence as an important public body; and we shall look anxiously for the result, both as regards the purchase of pictures and the selection of a subject for engraving. On this latter head we are glad to find the Committee have cancelled that portion of the regulations which provided that a sum should be set apart every year "for the purpose of engraving some work of Art which shall have been purchased by the Association," and have substituted a clause to the effect, that the Committee shall procure annually an engraving, either by the purchase of the copyright of a picture, or otherwise, as they may deem eligible. It was a most absurd regulation, and would have proved a perpetual handcuff on the Committee. We therefore heartily congratulate the members on its abrogation, and trust that the next print which the Society issues will be a very superior work of Art. They have it in contemplation, we understand, to purchase for the subscribers of the present year an unpublished plate, already completed, so as to enable them henceforward to issue a print annually, instead of at the long intervals which, under the present management, must unavoidably occur.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.—Daguerre's discovery, like every other, must pass through many stages before attaining the ultimate perfection to which it is capable of being brought. We have already noticed this process from time to time in its advancement, and recur to it now, for the purpose of alluding to those most recent improvements as adapted to portraiture, which have been patented in this country by Mr. Beard, although it is said that this improved process of taking photographic portraits was originally practised by a native of the United States of the name of Wolcott, who added to the camera of Daguerre a metallic speculum, and reflectors for the purpose of modifying the light on the countenance of the sitter. The method of exposing the plates to the action of the light having been already described, renders it unnecessary to detail it; but it must be remarked that the vividness of the picture depends much on the manner of preparing the plates, and these according to the present process are made so finely sensitive to the action of the light, that the value of the improvements is strikingly mani-

festated by the effects produced. For instance the portraits taken in this way are, as may be expected, much more decidedly made out, and the features have a clearness and strength of outline which renders them distinctly visible even by an artificial light. In noticing Mr. Beard's improvements, several of the daily papers have expressed a conviction that this process will operate to the injury of the legitimate artist; but in this view we do not concur, at least to the extent of the "ruin" portended by our cotemporaries. It is true that a photographic portrait is a most perfect icon of the sitter, inasmuch as it is a most faithful reflection; but none know better than artists themselves how rarely a very close resemblance is really pleasing to the person painted, or even to his immediate circle of friends. We have no doubt of yet greater amelioration in this art; but with respect to the question of any serious loss to the portrait-painter if he estimate the matter justly the result must tend to dissipate his apprehension. The fidelity of a Daguerreotype reflection has by no means the effect of robbing an artist of that truth for which his hand and eye have been already distinguished; and it does not follow that because the person itself is thus truly reflected that an oil or other picture is to be unfortunately wanting in resemblance. There is a wide field of difference between a portrait thus procured and one manually executed, it matters little in what style; the charm of colour cannot be imparted to it, it cannot receive any of the innumerable graces which a judicious artist throws into his work, and it cannot be altered to suit the whim of the sitter or friends. The very facility of the process will render it temporarily popular, and those who sit who never sat before, and never would have submitted to be painted in the ordinary way. Engravers might be much benefitted and their labours shortened by the Daguerreotype if their copper plates could be so prepared as to receive the photogenic reflections, and a fortune might be made by any individual ingenious enough to effect such a discovery.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has purchased Mr. Burnet's fine picture of 'Greenwich Pensioners commemorating the Battle of Trafalgar,' with the engraving after which, from the burin of the painter, our readers must be well acquainted. It now hangs at Apsley House, side by side with Wilkie's famous painting of 'Chelsea Pensioners,' which Mr. Burnet also engraved. This is as it should be. The work is worthy of its destination—and that is saying much.

MR. BURNET is engaged upon a work for which artists will look with great anxiety—a new edition of the "Discourses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, illustrated by Explanatory Notes and Plates." It is preparing for publication in one quarto volume, by Mr. Carpenter, of Bond-street. Perhaps there is no one so well qualified for the due performance of so important a task; for Mr. Burnet has accurate and extensive knowledge upon all the subjects it will embrace, and his critical acumen is well known. Upon some topics he will no doubt hold opinions liable to discussion, and they will receive it. There will, however, be as little question of his honesty as of his abilities.

THE MEDAL offered by the "Institute of British Architects," for the best essay on iron roofs, has been awarded to Mr. Edward Hall, late of Manchester, who gained a similar testimonial of merit some time ago, for an essay on "Grecian Architecture."

THE SCOTT MONUMENT.—The monument intended to be erected in Edinburgh to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, has rendered necessary the passing of an Act of Parliament for the purpose of cancelling certain provisions in other acts having reference to the buildings of the new town. This bill is brought in by Sir W. Rae and Mr. Fox Maule; and proposes to enact as follows:—1st. That so much of the 3rd of George IV., cap. 91; the 1st and 2nd Victoria, cap. 55; the 7th and 8th George IV., cap. 76; and the 1st and 2nd William IV., cap. 45, as enacts that it should not be lawful to erect buildings of any kind in the area opposite Prince's-street, eastward of the mound in Edinburgh, and that the whole of the said area should be used for ornamental purposes &c., shall be repealed; and that it shall be lawful to erect thereon a monument to Sir Walter Scott, &c., which the persons, subscribers to the expenses

thereof, are authorized to do. 2nd. That so much of the two last recited acts as exempts a theatre, &c. from the prohibition of erecting buildings in the said area shall be repealed. 3rd. That the magistrates of Edinburgh be authorized to grant the ground required for the erection of the said monument gratuitously, provided that the space so to be granted shall not exceed 120 feet square, and 50 feet by 30 for the keepers' house, &c. 4th. That the monument, &c., when declared by the subscribers to be completed, shall be vested in trustees, consisting, amongst others, of the Lord Provost and Treasurer of Edinburgh, the Dean of Guild, and the nearest surviving male relation of the late Sir Walter Scott. This bill will undoubtedly receive the almost unanimous approval of both Houses of Parliament, and must meet with the good will of the country not less on the south than on the north of the Tweed.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—On Saturday, the 3rd inst., the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution was celebrated by a public dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern. The chair was taken on this occasion by Lord Montagu, who presided amid a numerous assemblage of the supporters of the Institution, and who during the evening made a forcible appeal to the company in its favour; the result of which was a subscription amounting to £554.

THE WORTHLESS CARTOONS.—These interesting reliques of Raffaele have lately had an escape from destruction by fire, little less than miraculous. A policeman on duty within the palace of Hampton Court, being alarmed by smoke rising in the gallery, discovered, upon examination, that it proceeded from a part of the skirting-board, which was in a state of ignition; but the progress already made by the fire being inconceivable, it was speedily extinguished. For a perfect apprehension of the extent of danger to which the Cartoons have been exposed on this occasion, it must be remembered that they are framed in the wainscot of the gallery; and when they were therein fixed, had it been suggested that, in such a perilous proximity to a combustible material, they were unnecessarily endangered, the objection would have been doubtlessly pronounced insufficient. To destroy these treasures of Art, a conflagration is not necessary; a degree of heat just intense enough to singe the wainscot would suffice, in a few seconds, to reduce the Cartoons to ashes. The preservation of these works—valuable beyond price—has been a subject of deep and enduring anxiety to every lover of high and refined art; and official, and even parliamentary inquiries have been instituted with a view to the adoption of some efficient means; and the result of these useful labours is announced to us in the fact, that they have been saved by accident from destruction by fire. Long have we been envious the possession of the Cartoons by entire Europe; and foreign artists, until they have seen them, consider themselves as yet imperfectly acquainted with the works of him who, since the days of Leo X., has been called "the dear master." It cannot assuredly now be disputed that any change will not now be for the better. If the country be too poor to build a suitable gallery for the reception of these inestimable productions, let a few of the series be sold, for the sake of preserving the remainder—this is the policy of individuals in case of need; one portion of an estate is sold, to permit the enjoyment of the remainder. Russia, Austria, France, will compete for the purchase: whether such sale be effected, or the Cartoons remain to perish where they are, all will coincide in the opinion of the *Gravedigger* in *Hamlet*, that they are mad in England.

STATUE OF THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.—At a General Court of the East India Company, held on the 17th March, 1841, a resolution of the Court of Directors, of the 10th of that month, proposing that a statue of the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley, K.G., be placed in the court-room, was read; when the Court, entirely agreeing with the Court of Directors in the opinion they entertain of the services of the Marquis Wellesley, unanimously resolved that a statue of his lordship should be placed in the general court-room of the East India House, as a permanent mark of the admiration and gratitude of the Company.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

EXHIBITION—1841.

The EIGHTEENTH Exhibition of "THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS" is now open to the public, in Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East. The "Address," which accompanies the Catalogue, calls "the attention of patrons and lovers of Art to the improved condition of the present Exhibition, both as to talent, and the undeniable progress made by the Society in furthering the interests of Art and Artists, by the opportunity which their Gallery affords the rising talent of the present day, in placing their works before the public eye; many of those now holding a high station in the world of Art, having been fostered by the Society, although their works are now withdrawn from the Society's Exhibition."

We lament our utter inability to add our testimony to that of "the Society," as regards either the "improved condition" or the "undeniable progress." The Exhibition, in truth, affords no evidence of a step in advance; we look in vain among the exhibitors for tokens of industry and proofs of genius: of the former indeed we may find some, if quantity be considered without reference to quality—for one of the Members places on the walls no fewer than TWENTY-NINE PORTRAITS; and if they are, as we presume they are, the produce of one year, he must have stronger thighs than a dray-horse, or possess a knack of knocking off a picture with almost as much rapidity as the wonder-working apparatus of M. Beard, which copies a human countenance in two-and-twenty seconds. But for productions of genius that may be quoted as honourable to the British School, we have vainly searched through the long-room in Suffolk-street. A few artists there are, indeed, who preserve the character of the Exhibition from sinking into that of mere canvas-colouring; and among them are some who are on the right road to fame; but the "undeniable progress" is, for the most part, confined within the narrowest boundaries of mediocrity. It can give us no pleasure to censure, however much it might please us to praise. But the fact is—and this, at least, is "undeniable"—that the constitution of the Society is unhealthy; and that unless some change takes place—and speedily—it will certainly perish, and perish unlamented by a single disinterested lover of British Art. The "address" we have quoted hints in a tone of reproach, that would, under other circumstances, have been not only justifiable but commendable—that certain artists who had been fostered by the Society have ceased to appear among its patrons and supporters. How could it have been otherwise? To the many who have deserted the Institution, we may, we imagine, this year add at least half a score more; for is it to be expected, that men of talent and just celebrity will permit their works to be thrust into corners, out of sight, by persons greatly their inferiors—and yet continue to court treatment so unworthy from year to year? Impossible. We had quoted a dozen cases in point, and were about to print them; but we fear by so doing we should only

"rub the sore
When we should give the plaster."

Visitors, who are at all acquainted with Art and Artists, will have no difficulty in making out a list for themselves. But it is notorious that the Society does not make these mistakes from ignorance; they are deliberate and designed wrongs; committed openly; and with a tone of triumph, rather than a blush of shame. The avowed object being to *force* Artists into joining the body, in order that, when members, they may choose their own places on the walls, and share the responsibilities of the Society. It is

not concealed that the putting good pictures in bad lights—such, that is to say, as are produced by Artists who are not members—is done advisedly, and for a purpose. Short-sighted policy! How wise it would be to remember the fable of the wager between the sun and the wind, as to which should first compel the traveller to part with his great coat.

Taking this view of the matter, therefore,—and we do so most reluctantly—we have been somewhat startled by meeting the following passage in the "address."

"The Society have also to state that in consequence of the number of pictures sent for exhibition this year, they have been compelled to return a large number of pictures of great merit, which course they have taken in preference to placing them in situations where they could not be seen to advantage, and their merits appreciated."

Now, really, this is a "quiz"—it was never meant to be taken seriously. It may mislead some people nevertheless; strangers who visit London may be induced to believe that the Society did actually return to their producers "a large number of pictures of great merit"—of great merit, although, of course, inferior to those placed—and that they did so, truly and honestly, because "they could not place them in situations where they could be seen to advantage." Strangers who know nothing of the Society, may possibly credit this statement; but if there be a single one of its members, who would say as much without laughing broadly while he said it, he must possess self-control unparalleled.

But our observations would be idle, or worse than idle, if they had reference merely to the past, and were not calculated to influence the future. We write in no angry spirit; they have gibbeted no picture of ours in Suffolk-street; they have done us no wrong; we have no sin to complain of, either of omission or commission; and we think we have given signs, often enough during our conduct of this journal, how much more heartily we praise than censure. It is very painful to write, as we must write, of a public body; the more especially as its affairs are known to require generous aid. If we were disposed to give the Society up in despair, we should trouble ourselves no further about it; but we have no such feeling. Let there be some changes in the Suffolk-street Society, and we venture to affirm, there is no Institution in the kingdom that may be made to produce so much real and substantial good.

We have thus discharged a painful, though an imperative duty; we may possibly lead some of the older and more established members of the Society, to set themselves seriously to work in order to renovate it—and be thus amply rewarded for our irksome and troublesome task. If change be hopeless, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell the speedy downfall of the Institution.

The Exhibition contains 824 works, of which eight only are in sculpture; and these eight are contributed by two artists, J. Bell and P. Park. The busts of the latter are of high merit—that of Machise is a good likeness; that of Dickens we failed to recognise. The sculptor has been far too imaginative with the author. The two statues of Mr. Bell are of exceeding beauty; they are comparatively lost in this small and crowded room; but if worthily placed, they would suffice to extend the reputation of an artist, who is surpassed by few in brilliancy of fancy, and whose power to combine and execute is scarcely second to the grace and delicacy which mark his conceptions. Mr. Bell is entitled to a very foremost place among the professors of an art that in England is surrounded with discouragements. The room that contains these few examples of sculpture, and which is dignified by the title of "the Water-colour Room," contains

this year the choicest paintings of the whole collection. There are here about a dozen of great merit. We shall, however, begin with the beginning.

No. 21. 'The Convent of St. Isidoro, a Group near the Convent Door, the Monks giving away Provisions,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. Mr. Hurlstone is the President of the Society of British Artists; and, perhaps, possesses talent to justify his occupying the position. In Suffolk-street, at all events, he takes the lead; and he makes his appearance at no other of the Metropolitan Exhibitions. He is, beyond doubt, a clever artist; but he is not improving: his pictures of Italian character are of considerable merit; occasionally, indeed, parts of them approach very near to perfection; but it would appear that he is heedless of study, and shuns Nature altogether; his stock of sketches made in Italy cannot last for ever; and if he is applying to new sources he has, as yet, given no indications of such a purpose. His portraits of English Ladies are rather studies of colour than copies of the "human form divine;" they each and all "look blue;" some of them reminding us of the story of the rich citizen's wife, who, when about to be pictured, thought it incumbent upon her to expend upon the work as much money as was possible. Her question to the artist was "what is the *dearest* colour." The answer was "ultra-marine."—"Very well, then, do me all over with ultra-marine."

No. 43. 'Sketch of the Opium Seller at Montfaloot,' W. MULLER. This admirable artist exhibits two sketches of Eastern subjects; and one picture of considerable size—(No. 490) 'The Frozen Ferry—Scene near Haerham, Somersetshire.' It is a fine and effective work, and will uphold his reputation.

No. 44. 'Tower at Andernach on the Rhine.' No. 241. 'Gotsburg on the Rhine.' No. 491. 'Oberwesel,' C. F. TOMKINS. The artist has turned his travels to good account, although he appears to have too much limited them to beaten tracks. The three we have named are, perhaps, the best of the nineteen he contributes—too great a number to be furnished by one person, considering that "many pictures of merit were returned for want of room."

No. 51. 'Romeo and Juliet,' H. O'NEIL. A clever picture; telling effectively the sad story; the conception and arrangement are both good, and it is finished with due care.

No. 56. 'A Day's Pleasure,' E. PRENTIS. This is a work of considerable merit—although, perhaps, a little too much bordering on caricature. A party of holiday-takers have dined at some pleasant inn, and have been enjoying themselves, without let or hindrance, until the moment of "reckoning" has arrived, and the bill is to be paid. Then

"Men smile no more,"

and are taught, that although "pleasure is a very pleasant thing," if purchased, it must be paid for. The artist has displayed great skill, and a very accurate knowledge of human nature, in the varied expressions he has given to the several individuals who compose the group: either of which will communicate the intelligence that the demands have exceeded the supplies, and that the usual accompaniments—wry faces and long bills—on this occasion, go together. The picture is full of character; the colouring, as with all the works of Mr. Prentis, is hard and cold; but the defect is, to a large extent, atoned for by the spirit and truth of the composition.

No. 60 and No. 73. Portraits of their 'Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Capua,' J. STEWART. Two clever portraits, of a minor size, representing a stout gentleman and a fair lady—the story of whose love has gone over all Europe. Her Royal Highness is, undoubtedly,

a fine woman; and, if we may judge from her form and countenance, "born to command."

No. 63. 'The Forum, Pompeii,' T. C. HOLLAND. This is a work of very high merit, and bears evidence of being "a literal truth." There can be no mistake concerning the accuracy with which the excellent artist has copied one of the most striking and singular scenes that prolific Italy furnishes for the pencil. It is, moreover, painted with great care, and with that thorough knowledge of his art for which Mr. Holland has been so long distinguished. His journey to Italy has been a profitable one; he has brought his facility for preserving the realities of nature to bear with admirable effect upon Italian peculiarities of light and shade; and gives us views of the country which do not at once suggest ideas that they owe more to the imagination than the actual.

No. 69. 'Lugetto, between Rovedo and Lago di Garda,' G. E. HERING. This artist exhibits four small pictures; but they are all most disadvantageously placed. If their merit be equal to that of 'Amalfi,' in the British Institution, he has been hardly dealt with.

No. 70. 'Entrance to a Village,' H. J. BODDINGTON. Mr. Boddington also has just reason to complain, that his contributions to the Exhibition have been estimated by the Society at far less than their true value. There are few who paint more accurately and effectively the landscapes and village-paths peculiar to England.

No. 104. 'Beacon Vale, Dorsetshire,' No. 334. 'Loitering,' W. SHAYER. Both are of much merit, and manifest a desire to change a style in which Mr. Shayer has persevered, until the public have grown somewhat weary of it. The former is a rich landscape; the latter pictures two village gossiping girls. It is very highly wrought; far more so, indeed, than is usual with the artist; and yet not at the expense of freedom and spirit.

No. 139. 'The Interior of Gloucester Cathedral in the Olden Time,' E. HASSELL. A work of a good class; the venerable structure has been accurately copied; the light and shade are very happily mingled or contrasted; and the figures which illustrate the scene, are introduced with judgment and taste.

No. 162. 'Monks of St. Bernard Rescuing Travellers,' Mrs. McIAN. A very effective picture; the subject is well chosen, and has been treated with much skill, as well as with true feeling. The work is one of the most desirable in the collection; it exhibits a striking and deeply interesting scene; the travellers, the monks, and the dogs are happily grouped; and the accomplished artist has been very successful in exciting the sympathies of all by whom the picture may be examined.

No. 172. 'On the Coast at Etratat, Normandy,' H. LANCASTER. This is one of the best landscapes in the exhibition; a fine vigorous and true tone pervades it, the original of which could only have been found in nature. It is carefully painted; and bears evidence that the artist believes genius to work in vain unless aided by judgment.

No. 173. 'Li Amanti,' A. EGG. A clever picture, but not sufficiently in advance of the work exhibited by the same artist last year.

No. 179. 'On the Yare—Moonlight,' J. B. CROME. One of Mr. Crome's always pleasant, natural, and effective pictures; there are none of our British artists who excel him in the style he has adopted.

No. 206. 'River Scene,' J. TENNANT. Mr. Tennant is a valuable auxiliary to this exhibition; and, though not a member, he has been well-used. This river scene is very beautiful. No. 355. 'Distant View of Erith, on the Thames,' No. 558. 'Near Scarborough, Yorkshire,' are not only among the best works in this collection, but would hold prominent places

in a gallery much more select. The artist has a true feeling for nature, and possesses taste as well as judgment.

No. 207. 'Crossing the Brook,' No. 294. 'Crossing the Heath,' E. LATILLA. Among the many pictures exhibited by Mr. Latilla, we select these two—the latter especially—as highly satisfactory. He has, in these, been fortunate in his sitters; they are little more than literal copies of the happy and merry children,

"Cast in simplicity's own mould,"

to be encountered beside hedge-rows, far away from city smoke. The artist has a vigorous pencil, and colours with breadth and effect. He succeeds, however, in proportion as he follows nature; and fails most where he gives the reins to his imagination. For example: how utterly untrue is this No. 340, entitled 'The Forsaken'—a lady habited with as much skill and care as if she waited to receive visitors after her accouchement. No. 263, 'The Brigand's Daughter,' is about as near an approach to reality.

No. 215. 'A French Fish Wife,' No. 217. 'A Girl Knitting,' R. J. HAMERTON. A name with which we are not familiar; and almost, if not altogether, the only one in the catalogue with which we meet for the first time, and care to meet again. These small and unassuming pictures promise well; they are boldly touched, and fine in character.

No. 225. 'Portrait of a Lady,' T. M. JOY. This is, beyond question, the best portrait in the collection. It is of a high character of art, with nothing meretricious about it. There are, indeed, few men of the present day who could produce a better picture.

No. 269. 'A Scene from *As You Like It*,' A. J. WOOLMER. We looked with much anxiety, and certainly with some apprehension for the pictures of this artist. Last year he exhibited, we believe, for the first time; and although his works had very glaring defects, they supplied so much proof of originality—a quality rare enough now-a-days—that we augured, not however without misgivings, great things of his hereafter. As yet, he has disappointed us. His luxuriant fancy has not yielded to the curb of judgment. We have in his pictures evidence of genius undoubtedly; but it is of genius that requires the trimming and pruning it ought to have from study and reflection; and, above all, the schooling it must receive from nature. In all his pictures, and they are not few, there is the same straining after unnatural and, consequently, absurd effects; a sort of spatter-dash effect of yellow and red ochres, splashed on with no other design, apparently, than to excite curiosity as to what it can possibly mean; a sort of rechauffé of Mr. Turner's wildest vagaries of colour, but without the excuse that those who do not like them may find better things from the same full storehouse. Mr. Woolmer, this will never do. The fripperies of Art will neither satisfy the learned nor gratify the ignorant. Bear in mind, that a style is soon formed, and that a vice is not easily got rid of. Be bold enough to follow nature, and aim less to be thought eccentric, and the qualities of mind which you do possess will rapidly ensure your acquiring those which as yet you are conspicuously without.

No. 325. 'Waiting for a Victim,' J. P. DAVIS; but that we see too clearly the original through the copy, this would be a fine picture; as it is, there are few in the Exhibition that are more pleasing.

No. 333. 'View on the Thames at Chelsea, with Battersea-bridge,' T. M. RICHARDSON. This is a work of high merit; the production of an artist who has long sustained a reputation in the north of England; and who is well able to maintain it in London. We are not often called upon to notice his pictures; they are not likely to be thrown into the shade by younger com-

petitors; there are few, at least, in this Exhibition that can compete with them.

No. 272. 'Southampton, from below Itchen Ferry,' No. 273. 'Cowes, Isle of Wight,' T. DEARMER. Two gracefully painted landscapes, the productions of an artist with whose name we are not familiar.

No. 375. 'Scene at Hambrook, Somersetshire,' No. 380. 'A Peep at the Metropolis, from Hampstead Heath,' J. B. PYNE. Mr. Pyne is an artist—admitted to be so on all hands—whose works would do honour to any exhibition. He holds rank among the foremost of our English landscape-painters; and what is more, he has of late years made large strides in advance. If he continue to improve, there can be no doubt of his being called to fill the highest place his profession can procure for him. The Society of British Artists, however, appear to have formed no such idea either of his past or his future efforts: his contributions to their Gallery have been thrust as far out of the way as possible; No. 375 being as near the ceiling, and No. 380 as close to the floor, as their arrangements would admit of. If Mr. Pyne had been one of the fortunate "many" whose works had been "returned rather than place them where they could not be seen to advantage," he would, no doubt, have been grateful to the Society for the favour conferred upon him. As it is, there was either a design to insult the painter, or ignorance of what a good picture is. Mr. Pyne, we perceive by the catalogue, has two other works in the collection; we take for granted they also are put out of the way, at least in our way they did not come.

No. 390. 'The Water-carrier,' POOLE. This is beyond question the best picture exhibited in Suffolk-street. We presume it is the production of an artist—Mr. P. F. POOLE—who has already established a reputation as the painter of rustic figures in water-colours. But, unhappily, the catalogue before us gives no Christian name; and in the "list of exhibitors with their residences" the name of "Poole" does not appear. This is unfortunate; for we imagine his picture of 'The Water-carrier'—that was "sold" on the first day to Colonel Sibthorp, and might have been sold to a dozen persons—is likely to bring commissions by scores to the painter. It is a work of very high merit, simple in subject, but wrought with great vigour; and Nature is hardly more true to herself. The minor details, and they are few, are well made out; and the back ground is so pictured as to give great effect to the fine figure of the water-carrier—a girl of the village, graceful enough to be a theme for either painter or poet, yet not

"Too good

"For human Nature's daily food."

If Mr. Poole can produce many pictures such as this, his prosperity is sure; it is scarcely too much to say that—considering the limited character of the subject—no exhibition of the last three years has contained a work so entirely satisfactory.

No. 397. 'Scene from the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont,' E. M. WARD. Mr. Ward has not been fortunate in his choice of subjects. This is not a pleasant scene; and although of a very opposite character, the remark applies to No. 652, 'The Council of Three of the Inquisition of State at Venice.' They manifest ability nevertheless, and evidence the touch of a master-hand; but the great duty of an artist is to teach while affording enjoyment.

No. 418. 'An Italian Sheep-dog,' C. JOST. A bold and true picture of a faithful friend: it carries marks of accuracy about it that cannot mislead.

No. 508. 'Windsor Castle, from the Meadows,' W. FOWLER. An excellent copy of a scene that may be repeated, and we believe has

been, a thousand times. The picture is carefully painted; and the point of view has been judiciously chosen.

No. 509. 'Morning—Crossing the Sands from Cortoy to St. Valery.' 'Evening—Mussel Gatherers,' JOHN WILSON. Two out of a dozen productions by this always admirable artist; each entitled to high praise. He holds his place among our marine painters; no man has a more thorough knowledge of Nature in the garb in which Islanders love her best.

No. 550. 'Village of Liddes, pass of Great St. Bernard, with Travellers making the Ascent.' T. M. RICHARDSON, jun. A capital picture, by an artist of whose works we see too few.

No. 561. 'The Dead Bird.' W. PATTEN. One of the sweetest pictures in the collection. The subject, although somewhat trite, has been treated with much delicacy and true feeling. The poor girl mourns over her dead pet.

No. 572. 'Windsor Castle, from the Locks near Datchet Lane,' J. WILSON, jun. The young artist continues to do honour to the good school in which he has been taught. This, and No. 84, 'On the Thames, near Battersea,' though not very ambitious either in size or subject, may be coveted by all who can appreciate the excellent art.

No. 590. 'The Novel-reading Housemaid,' T. SMART. Painted with considerable vigour. We do not recognise the artist's name; if he be a new candidate for fame he will surely obtain it, for there are in this production qualities of a rare order.

No. 603. 'Puck,' R. DADD. A most happily conceived picture of the spirit that "wanders everywhere"; and

"Serves the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green."

It is cleverly coloured too; and has, as it ought to have, the character of a dream. The drawing is fine and true—and excels in a style in which excellence is still rare among us—the nude figure. The composition is essentially poetical, and goes far to realize one of the most marvellous creations of the immortal poet. Mr. Dadd is on the right road to fame; he must, however, beware, and stop short of the boundaries which divide the imagination from the absurd.

No. 624. 'A Magdalen,' H. LE JEUNE. A slightly painted, although a very masterly work; it is carefully and most correctly drawn, and gives proof of vigour as well as freedom of touch.

No. 630. 'On the Beach, near St. Leonards,' A. CLINT. Of five pictures contributed by Mr. Clint, this is perhaps the best, although the whole of them possess merit of a very high order. He is an excellent artist, whose intercourse with Nature is close and continual; there is a fine and delicate perception of the beautiful evident in all he does; yet industry is sufficiently apparent. He does not dash off his works with a sort of "it'll do" air; but seems to ponder over them, as if his duty to the fair scenes he copies called upon him not to dismiss them with heedlessness or indifference. Among the more graceful of our English landscape painters he is entitled to a very foremost rank.

No. 642. 'Paddy on the Move,' J. ZEITZER. A capital specimen of character. Mr. Zeitzer exhibits also some of his admirable Hungarian scenes.

No. 666. 'Dancing Dolls,' A. MONTAGUE. Mr. Montague has been a valuable contributor. This is a sweet composition, finished with care; and very true to nature. No. 9. 'An Old Water Mill,' is also a vigorously painted picture; but the subject is not of sufficient importance for the size of the canvass.

We must not forget the beautiful water-colour drawings of fruit and flowers—Nos. 752 and 764—by Mrs. WITHERS. They are of the

highest merit, exquisitely and most elaborately finished, yet not so as to make the labour expended upon them too apparent. Judgment and taste have both been exercised in the grouping, the arrangement, and especially in the selection of objects, so as to obtain all the advantage that can be derived from contrast.

We feel that we have gone through this Exhibition as far as our limits will permit; and, indeed, as far as its merits demand; although, no doubt, we have omitted to notice some that deserve notice more than others to which we have directed attention. If our introductory remarks have the appearance of harshness, we trust our readers will believe that we have not given this character to them without extreme reluctance. It can be no pleasure to us to give pain to others. It must be borne in mind, that we have not treated the Society of British Artists as merely a private and irresponsible body—perhaps this may be wrong; and, consequently, that we are not justified in finding fault with arrangements made to suit their own views. We are fully aware that the members incur no inconsiderable risk in maintaining the Institution; and that the aids they receive are now neither large nor numerous. They have tried experiments to coerce their professional brethren into joining them; let them next year see if an opposite course will not produce more beneficial results. We tell them, once for all, that their policy has been, and is, most shortsighted; and that if it be not changed, the consequence will be very injurious to them, and prejudicial to the Arts.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE EVILS OF WAR BY RUBENS.—There is at present exhibiting in Pall-mall, a supposed duplicate of this picture, which is in one of the Florentine galleries. Nothing is known of its history, beyond the facts that it has been in this country during the last forty years, has been preserved, rolled up with much care, and has never been in the hands of a cleaner, or received a touch from the pencil of a restorer. When a picture can be traced through a known succession of proprietorship to the easel of the painter, any inconsistencies which may distinguish such picture from the usual manner of the other works of the artist, are comparatively overlooked; but on the contrary, when the channel of its descent is unknown, every departure from a usual style is jealously considered. This picture is supposed to be an original, of which the picture at Florence is presumed to be a repetition, although the difference between the works is striking. On inspecting this picture, there is an absence of that singular freedom and decision of handling which distinguish the works of this master, and for which we find substituted the Italian method of *impasto*; the colouring also, generally, is less rich than that of the picture at Florence. Rubens' series of large pictures in the Louvre are extravagantly glazed; while others of his no less celebrated works are cold in tone, as for instance, his well-known 'Bacchanalian' picture at Florence. 'The Descent from the Cross' at Antwerp, &c. &c.; but, although totally different in their general colouring, the style of work in the whole is uniform. The picture in question is admitted to be in an unfinished state, and for this it is now impossible satisfactorily to account; such fact would by no means preclude the probability of the work being that of Rubens, although a departure from his usual manner of work in this or any doubtful instance, would do so—we say doubtful, because, after all, the most experienced judgment in cases of unauthenticated pictures cannot pronounce, but can only conjecture and attribute.

THE KINEORAMA.—This exhibition is a novelty, in so far as it combines the effects of the peristrophe panorama with those of the illusory diorama. The artist, Mr. Charles Marshall, has been happy in the selection of his subjects, the localities of which; the late political embarrassments of the East have invested with much

interest. The visitor is accordingly presented with a series of, views in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, commencing in Constantinople and terminating at Cairo, and all deriving life from hundreds of figures appropriately costumed and characterized. Among the first *tableaux* is a Turkish review, the foreground group consisting of the Sultan, accompanied by his state officers and the foreign ambassadors. This is followed by an excellent representation of a Turkish Bazaar and Café, and a view of the Golden Horn, or Port of Constantinople, wherein is moored every description of Mediterranean craft. After a few succeeding changes, a transit is at once made from Turkey to Syria, by means of the diorama effect, when views are presented in course, of Tripoli, Beyrout, Sidon, St. Jean d'Acre, &c. &c. Another change transports the spectator to Egypt, the first view in which is its centre of attraction, Alexandria. This view is taken from the platform of the Pharos, and comprehends the harbour and town, the citadel, Pompey's pillar, &c. &c. In another painting the Delta of the Nile, the artist has successfully availed himself of the extreme flatness of the country to give an excellent effect of distance, with the waters of the Nile shining with reflected light in the horizon.

THE DIORAMA.—The pictures now exhibited here, are 'The Shrine of the Nativity at Bethlehem,' and the 'Interior of the Cathedral of Auch,' both painted by M. Renoux, but the former from a sketch, made on the spot, by David Roberts, Esq., during his late tour in the East. This is incomparably the better picture of the two; it represents the birth-place of our Saviour under present circumstances, and has much the appearance of the interior of a chapel. The stable is an excavation in the limestone rock; but the pillars, which are of marble, are supposed to be Roman, and to have been a portion of some other edifice before set up here. A star of gold, inlaid in the pavement, marks the spot over which the star, that preceded the wise men of the East, rested; and in the recess, immediately over it, are suspended fourteen lamps, which are kept burning day and night. This picture is exhibited under two effects—the first represents the shrine, &c., as it usually appears; the second shows the celebration of midnight mass by the Franciscan monks, with figures at their devotions, when the whole seems to be lighted by a number of lamps; and this scene, with all its sacred associations, is deeply impressive.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The Works of Art for the approaching Exhibition—to be opened as usual, we presume, on the first Monday of May—have been received at the Royal Academy. Report speaks of it as likely to realize the best hopes of the friends of Art, and of those more especially who look for improvement in its junior professors. We anticipate its excellence, the more, because, beyond question, the Exhibitions that have preceded it in the metropolis, have been comparative failures. There are two or three of the leading artists who will be missed: it will, we understand, contain nothing by either Sir David Wilkie or Mr. Edwin Landseer; the former being "on his travels," and the latter having suffered nearly the whole of the past year from ill health. There will, consequently, be more "good places" for younger candidates.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS will be opened to the public on Monday, the 26th April; the private view to take place on the Saturday preceding. It will, we understand, be even more than usually interesting, and important, containing many works of a large size; and these from the more prominent members—Cattermole, Tayler, Lewis, Harding, Evans, Fielding, Dewint, Nesfield, &c.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—This excellent Society will open its seventh annual exhibition, we presume, on Wednesday, 21st April (the private view is fixed for Tuesday, the 20th). It has gone on, from year to year, improving; so as, at length, to approach very near the height and strength of the senior branch of the profession; and we have reason to believe that, in completing its seventh year, it may be considered as arrived at maturity. We hear much of the productions of Haghe, Warren, Wergall, Corbould, Bright, &c.

MARCH AND APRIL.

WHAT an anxious time for the artist is the month of March; and yet there is no period of the year when the mind, naturally and generally, is more inclined to sympathize with the changing aspect of Nature, to brighten up like the season, and prepare to dispel cares by an increased degree of energy in the removal of their causes. But March is the month when the painter in London puts the finishing touch to the efforts of the year; it is his passing of the Rubicon, for the succeeding April prevents any going back, the pictures being then consigned to the grim custody of the porters of the Academy. Every day, therefore, is marked out, every hour has its appointed labour, till that auspicious time when there is the "rattling of the chariot wheels" in the purlieus of Newman Street and Trafalgar Square, and the covered van whisks away, at once, the painting and its attendant troubles. Then, indeed, to the less initiated, and even to the experienced, may succeed the period of suspense—the fiat of the Academy hangs, during another three weeks, like the sword of Damocles, but there is an absence of care in the consciousness that no effort of the artist can arrest its suspension. Thus, whilst everything around is beaming with evidences of that renovating power with which Nature dispels the remnant gloom of winter; while crocuses and snowdrops bloom along the green-edged walks, and every hedge-row presents its flowering tributes to the gladdening presence of the sun; while the skeletons of the trees are beginning to make promises of the richness of their summer shadows; and the denizens of towns are making devious circuits to catch from every surrounding dell more positive assurances of the genial spring,—there is one class of men in London from whom all these interesting workings of Nature are, in a manner, "quite shut out;" and the painter enjoys from morn till night, at this period of the year, an almost unvarying survey of the perennial green baize that adorns the floor of his studio, and the eternal "northern light" that sends its clear cold rays upon his cumbered easel. Dilatory weeks must be atoned for; the brain is working double time; the high pressure is put on. It is a time of most careful scrutiny of the drawing; the composition is criticized in every direction; it is a time of glazing and scumbling, of "bringing forward," and "putting back," and all those mysterious workings of experienced genius on which the *tout ensemble* so much depends—when that which does not "make" must "mar." The freshness of the balmy air must therefore be despised in comparison with the fragrant effects on the olfactory nerves of well tarped merylls, and those other efficient adjuncts which tend to make up and perfect a "strong drier."

Whether it follow as a sequel of all this we know not, but certain it is, that one is struck at the absence of the representatives of *Spring*, in the landscapes and other pictures of the Academy Exhibition. Summer, from the umbrageous shadows and charming sunny gleams of Crêswick; to the truthful breadth and extensive distances of Lee, seems to appeal to our love of the rich English glades, and makes us long to be in the heart of the country; the burnt siennas, rich lakes, and deep varied greens of autumn, glow again and again on the walls; and some little silvery bit of highland distance from the brush of Landseer makes us think of steaming to the north and clambering over the heath-covered hills. But where is spring—delightful spring? And yet, what can offer more tempting subjects to the truth-telling pencil of some painter-naturalist! What a charming time it is when Nature looks so young; the olden tree of centuries seeming by its fresh sprouts to assert its claim to youth. But is it practicable for the artist? Surely he can make something of those delicate greens that vanish in silver grey; of those fresh young crops which allow just sufficient appearance of the warm earth to spread a charming hue along the furrowed fields; of the peculiar aspect of the woods; while the operations of husbandry offer figures for the foreground, and every hedge-side presents the poetry of the cowslip "that peeps beneath the thorn;" and other studies of interesting "detail" peculiar to this season of the year.

We know not how far this may meet the views of the members of the profession, but we throw out the hint to those who, like ourselves, may feel the force of the remark that the mine of Nature can never be too much explored by the truth-loving artist—that every nook and corner abounds in wealth and "raw materials," which the magic hand of genius can mould to the gratification of taste.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH FRESCOES.

SIR,—In the number of the 'ART-UNION' for November, 1840, I observed a remark quoted from an article in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' to the following purport: that there was, probably, not an individual in England capable of producing a work in that style of art called *fresco*. I beg leave, in contradiction, to state that in the city from which this is addressed to you, we have one, not only known throughout these nations, and the continent of Europe, as a great oil-painter, but distinguished likewise, at least among his fellow-townsmen, as having executed a truly magnificent fresco picture on a wall of his dwelling-house at Lion-hill, Bath. I allude to the celebrated master, Thomas Barker, who has long held a very conspicuous place, indeed, on the roll of renowned painters of modern times, as the author of numerous splendid works on canvas. His admirable "Woodman," his "Old Tom," &c., repeatedly engraved, attest his celebrity. Those fine productions, his portraits, his nearly matchless landscapes, and pieces of animal history, are as dearly prized as they are extensively known; and I presume to assure you that in the opinions of the severest judges, the British school has never had to boast of a superior to Barker in fidelity of drawing, mellowness of colouring, grace of outline, and originality of manner.

With much of this you are, of course, already acquainted; but not, I apprehend, with his reputation as a fresco painter; and, in common with many of his admirers, I must be permitted to lament that his powers in this exalted class of art, should not be more generally acknowledged than they are. Should this slight notice, however, of his picture, find its way, by your favour, into the columns of the 'ART-UNION,' his name, as an adept, will be most advantageously proclaimed to the world of taste, and by means most gratifying to his professional feelings, and to the wishes of his warmest friends.

The subject of his superb fresco is the savage inroad of the Turks upon the territory of Scio, the happiest and fairest of the Greek Islands in the Archipelago; an outrage on humanity perpetrated in the month of April, 1822, and now become a mournful record in the annals of mankind. The painting, which, as I have said, covers the wall of an apartment in the artist's place of residence, is 30 feet in length, and 12 feet in height; and represents, in many figures of the size of life, the last agonies of young and old men, resisting in vain, of distracted and despairing daughters and mothers, and of helpless infancy, perishing under the swords of the assassins; contrasted with the merciless ferocity of their assailants, the gorgeous and antique costume of the personages are correctly preserved; and all without glare of colouring, and free from the slightest distortion, and from everything extravagant in attitude. The various passions of the murderers and their victims are expressed without exaggeration, yet with such force of drawing as often to extort tears from the least enthusiastic spectator. The tremendous scene is, by the magic of Barker's pencil, made to pass beneath a turbulent and portentous sky and at the moment of sun-set, an effect most poetically thrown in, and beautifully managed. Of this great work, I leave the technical description to others, while I venture to affirm that it abounds in charms for the professor, the connoisseur—and the visitant who is neither.

That one who, in the above-mentioned fresco, independently of the grandeur of his subject, has, by his treatment of it, as well as by all his other eminent works, conferred imperishable honour on the place of his birth; that a man endowed with the genius of Thomas Barker, should not enjoy his fair portion of public applause, seems hard: the harder too, because it appears that, unhappily, fortune has been less kind to him than nature. To a truly liberal mind this intimation is sufficient; and I feel satisfied that I need add no more.—Yours, &c.,

E. M.

Bath, March 22, 1841.

PRICES OF PICTURES IN SCOTLAND.

SIR,—I beg leave to agree most cordially in the sentiments expressed by your correspondent Scotias, in your March number, respecting the high prices charged here for most of the pictures brought forward in the annual exhibitions. From any knowledge I happen to possess of prices charged in London as well as on the continent, I should say that, in general, the productions of artists here are fully from 3 to 400 per cent. dearer; in other words, what could be got for £20 in London, would have been marked £60, or even £80, and perhaps £100. I feel persuaded that, in comparison with prices in Holland, the terms here are far more exorbitant: I have no hesitation in saying that you may buy in the Hague original pictures for 10 or 12 guineas, which would here be marked 100 guineas and upwards. I do not mention these circumstances with anything like a view to disparage either Scottish art or artists; far from it. Perhaps our painters cannot afford to execute works at lower rates, and of course every man is entitled to make the most of his labours; but, at the same time, there is no reason why picture-buyers here should be limited in their choice to articles of home produce. As an advocate for the abolition of all restrictions whatsoever on imports and exports, I do not see why we should not in future buy pictures as well as corn in the cheapest and best markets. By way, at least, of making a trial, and trusting to the effects of fair competition, I think it would be advisable for a body of London artists to form an association for the purpose of exhibiting their productions annually in Edinburgh. If such an association was well organized, and contained a fair share of artists in different departments—landscape, marine, moonlight, (the moonlight here are horrid), and historical—I have little doubt of its success, speaking of it commercially; and as for the benefits it would confer upon art, they are too obvious to require comment.—Yours, &c.

Edinburgh.

W. CHAMBERS.

ENCAUSTIC PAINTING.

SIR,—I should be glad to learn what progress has been made, of late years, towards ascertaining the exact process of *Encaustic Painting*, as practised by the ancient Greeks.

In the "Philosophical Transactions for the Year 1775," there is a translation of part of a letter from the Ab. Mazens, descriptive of the experiments of Count Caylus, to revive Encaustic Painting. And, also, in the Transactions of the same society, anno 1759, some interesting experiments, made by Mr. Josiah Colebrooke, of the same nature; together with a translation of a passage in "Vitruvius de Architectura," relating to wax paintings on walls. There are also many particulars to be met with in the Cav. Rossi's "Memorie delle Belle Arti," (1784); whereby it appears, that the Ab. Vincenzo Requeno combined his colours with wax, gum mastic, and water, which he formed into crayons, and finally blended his tints by means of heat.

I understand that, a few years ago, a lady in this country succeeded so far in this style of painting, as to produce most pleasing effects; but whether her process is generally practicable, or was ever made public, I cannot learn.

As I am prosecuting this enquiry under disadvantages, I shall feel much indebted to any of your readers for information and advice.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

[We have before us half a dozen letters on the subject of Vehicles. We shall next month print one of them—the "Student's" reply to a "Fellow Student;" but we suspect the subject is beginning to get wearisome, and we do not perceive that as yet much good has proceeded out of it. If our space were not better occupied, it would be amusing, at least, to peruse the very opposite opinions that exist on the matter. One writer, "Anti New-medium," considers, "the puffer of the starch mixture a very short sighted observer; and his notions of colouring and texture as far from correct as the poles are asunder." He considers we have wasted many columns in treating it; and yet calls upon us to publish another long letter about it. A second correspondent has "tried the plan recommended by a student with complete success," and is "happy to add his testimony in favour of the starch medium." Artists, as well as doctors, differ.]

REVIEWS.

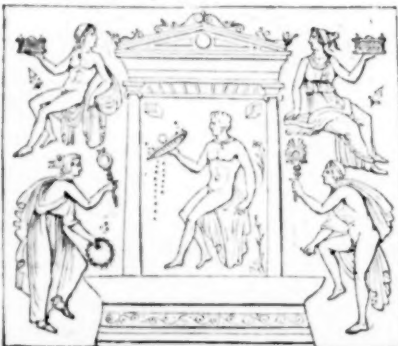
A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Parts I.—XVI. London: Taylor and Walton.

Independent of the great antiquarian merit of this work—the best guide to the study of the Greek and Latin authors which has yet appeared in our language—it has, in our estimation, the additional and equal value of rendering the eye of the student familiar with the forms of classic art, and thus creating that taste for beauty and sublimity which is, or ought to be, an essential part both of moral and intellectual education. The wood-engravings, copied in bold outline from vases and other precious relics of antiquity, are novel and precious features in a school-book; the information they afford by their accuracy, is not more important than the elements of judgment which they develop by their grace. It is not our province to enter into any investigation of the varied topics which the contributors to the work have discussed with equal learning and discernment; our attention must be limited to the artistic illustrations—a few specimens of which we are enabled to lay before our readers.

The following is a representation of the sportive and graceful attitudes in which the ancient rope-dancers placed themselves, taken from a series of paintings discovered in the excavations at Herculaneum.



The touching practice of crowning the tomb of a deceased relative with garlands, and offering testimonials of love to the memory of the lost one, is represented in the subjoined engraving. The tomb is built in the form of a heroic temple, and has a representation of its occupant depicted on it. The cut is taken from an ancient painted vase; and we may add that on such vases the honours paid to the dead are very frequently depicted.



Our next specimen shall be a cut taken from a bas-relief, representing the fabulous origin of the bridge. According to the mythologists, when Bellerophon was about to undertake the marvellous exploits required of him by the King of Lycia, Minerva presented him with a bridle, as the means of subduing the winged horse, Pegasus. Bellerophon is here represented after having succeeded in taking the wondrous steed while quenching his thirst at the fountain of Peirene.



Many reasons induce us to select as our example of a cut derived from statuary, the representation of the quoit-player, taken from a well-known statue in the British Museum. The subject was originally represented by the sculptor Myron, and seems to have been very highly valued by the ancient lovers of art, on account of the extraordinary power developed in the attitude. Quintilian adduces it to show how much greater skill is displayed by the artist, and how much more powerful an effect is produced on the spectator, when a person is represented in action, than when he is at rest or standing erect. There is probably no other production of art which so powerfully exhibits force collected and concentrated for a single effort: every muscle of the body is brought into play for the one single object, and we seem to expect that the arm of the statue should move with it the whole impetus of the body before our eyes.



The last specimen we shall give is the representation of a gladiatorial combat, taken from the bas-reliefs on the tomb of Scaurus at Pompeii. This was a favourite subject with the Roman artists: it was even popular in the remote provinces, for a fight of gladiators is represented on



the Mosaic pavement in the Roman ruins at Bignor, in Hampshire. The figures at the left hand in the engraving are engaged in an equestrian combat. The left gladiator of the second pair has been wounded, and has let fall his shield; he is turning to the spectators to implore their mercy. The right hand figure in the third pair represents a defeated mirmillo; and the group of four represents two net-casters with their tendents and two swordsmen. The last pair exhibit a Samnite defeated by a mirmillo.

We need not wish this work success, for that it has obtained, but we most earnestly hope that the publishers of school-books will profit by its example, and give the aid of high art to the business of education.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are largely in arrears with many esteemed correspondents; we claim their indulgence until next month, when we shall give an *extra half-sheet*, and find space for several important matters upon which we have been called to comment.

We have several Reviews in type, and among them one of Mr. Sarsfield Taylor's work.

The lines on "Cruikshank's Illustrations to Ainsworth's Tower of London," though good, do not altogether suit us.

An Amateur suggests the formation of a society on the principle of the ART-UNION; but devoting its attention exclusively to the production of fine Engravings. We shall notice this project hereafter.

"A Foreign Admirer of British Engraving" shall be attended to in our next.

Robert Hay, Esq. In reviewing this gentleman's admirable work on "Cairo," we described him as holding a diplomatic situation in Egypt. We were in error: he was there merely as a traveller. We cordially hope he will be a traveller in some other country:—

"He travels to good purpose who takes note."

Exhibitors will obtain free tickets to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy on application to Mr. Vaughan, the Under Secretary, on the day of opening the Exhibition, or any day after. The application to Mr. Vaughan must be made at the Students' door.

We were in error last month in stating that the names of the purchasers at the British Institution were not entered in the Sales Book. The person whom we employed to copy the list states, that "he inquired for the *usual* Book, and was informed that the Book from which he made his copies, and which did not contain the names, was the only one to be inspected." We shall publish a complete list when the Institution closes.

The continuation of "the Artist" must be postponed, in consequence of the press of more immediate matters.

"An Admirer of the Arts."—There is much good sense in his remarks; but we have frequently canvassed the subject.

We shall take especial care to give notice when the exhibitions of works of art in the several provincial exhibitions are to take place; and sufficiently early to enable artists to transmit pictures to them. We believe, indeed that they, each and all, advertise in our columns; and we take for granted that artists look to these. Some, it would seem, do not; we have received a letter of inquiry concerning the Royal Hibernian Academy. It was advertised in our February No., "All works intended for this exhibition must be sent to the Academy House, on or before the 17th of April." There is yet time to send pictures.

A Provincial Artist complains bitterly, and with some justice, of our neglecting to inform him of the days for receiving pictures at the Royal Academy. We exceedingly regret this omission; the more especially as he states, "The consequence is that I have lost the fruits of several months' labour, bestowed expressly for the exhibition at the Royal Academy, and doubt not others have experienced the same loss through the same cause." We shall take care to prevent this in future; but the fact is, we had thought it sufficiently notorious that pictures are sent in about a month before the first week in May, the invariable period for the Exhibition to open. We had also supposed, as a matter of course, that an advertisement would have appeared in our paper; and never thought of ascertaining whether it had or had not been sent.

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